

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXXIII NO. 311

SEYMOUR, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1908.

PRICE TWO CENTS

BRUTAL ASSAULT

Woman Attacked By Strange Negro
Near Farmington.

Mrs. Harold Dannettell, of Farmington, was assaulted by a strange negro shortly before noon Tuesday and was left lying unconscious by the roadside. She had started to the home of her sister-in-law, a half mile away. When she crossed the railroad and interurban tracks at Farmington she saw a man walking westward in front of her but thought nothing of it. He was walking slowly then walked faster till he passed the top of the hill then came back meeting her. As he came near she noticed that it was a colored man. He asked her what time the next car went north and she answered him. Then he asked her where she lived and got a short answer for his impertinence. He stepped in front of her and soon took hold of and began to grapple with her. Mrs. Dannettell, who is 27 years of age, is a strong woman and gave the villain a hard tussle for a minute. "Oh Harold! Oh my baby!" she screamed. "You will never see your baby any more," was his reply. Once he threatened to shoot her if she screamed again and when she got an opportunity to scream again he put his hand back under his coat, as if to draw a gun, but when he drew his hand back she saw no gun. Besides threatening to shoot her he put the threat once or twice that he would kill her. It was like a death struggle and the man being rather small of stature she says was only about her height. From the description given he must have been about 5 feet, 6 inches in height, and weighing about 140 pounds. In attempting to overpower his victim he struck her a tremendous blow over the left eye which doubtless stunned her considerably but she was still conscious until choked into insensibility. She had probably not been left to exceed five or ten minutes when she gradually regained consciousness and a short time later she was able to make her way on to the home of Mrs. Ruddick, 300 yards away, where she arrived about noon. Only women were there but they went to a neighbors and 'phoned to the Stanfield neighborhood east of Seymour and finally succeeded in getting word to Mr. Dannettell, who was working near there. He hurried to his wife not knowing particulars till he saw her. He took her home, changed horses and about three o'clock started in pursuit of the negro, who it was soon learned had left toward the south and had been seen near Chestnut Ridge about one o'clock. At 3:30 her brother came. A little later he came to Seymour, notified the police, whom the neighbors had failed to reach by telephone all afternoon, and sent two physicians out in an automobile. The doctors found the woman laboring under much excitement but with her mind apparently clear. She was able to recall the story pretty well and give a fair description of her assailant, whom she said was short of stature, smooth faced, wore brown

trousers and a slouch hat. Her left eye was swollen shut, the ball badly inflamed and the left side of her face badly swollen. Besides her bruised face the prints of his hands and fingers were still in her neck where he had choked her. The excitement and anxiety seemed to be holding her up but the physicians gave it as their opinion that when this wore away she would collapse.

The negro went on south and was seen near Crothersville about four o'clock in the afternoon, where he stopped for something to eat. He was seen at other places south of there and finally talked with the Pennsylvania operator at the block station at Christie about 6:15, when he said he was going to catch a freight at Marshall. Deputy Sheriff Van Robertson, Sheriff Simonson, of Scott county, Marshall Walker, of Scottsburg, a deputy and many others got into the search early in the evening, all well armed.

The traction crews said that rifles were plentiful going back and forth over the line from six o'clock till midnight. All train men were being notified and at midnight Deputy Robertson felt encouraged that there was a good chance to capture the man today.

Bloodhounds arrived here from Indianapolis Tuesday night at 11:38 and a posse from here, including officer Otis Lane, started out with them at once. There is much excitement all along the line from Seymour to Sellersburg and the country is being closely watched.

A strange negro answering the same description was seen near the Sucker Rod factory here about 10:30 Tuesday forenoon.

Mrs. Dannettell, the victim, is a well respected lady and is the only daughter of Mrs. Barbara Ruddick, who is well known in Seymour and who was at one time a teacher here in the city schools. Mrs. Dannettell's only child, a bright little girl of 6, was at school when the assault occurred.

Fire Alarm.

The fire department was called to the residence of G. H. Anderson on North Ewing street this afternoon about 2:45. Mrs. Anderson is away on a three weeks visit with relatives in Illinois and Mr. Anderson left about thirty minutes before the fire alarm to see his sister at Sardinia who is very low. Mr. Anderson and a hand were burning paper this morning under the back porch to thaw out a water pipe and they had evidently let a spark catch on a dry piece of timber. The fire had burned slowly for a few hours till the house was being filled with smoke. The fire had not spread far and it was only necessary for the firemen to tear off a little of the weatherboarding and use the chemical to put out the fire.

Attention.

All members of the Knights and Ladies of Honor are requested to attend a meeting Friday night, Dec. 4, 1908, at Dr. L. Ruddick's office.

Everything for Christmas
at the Bee Hive. d3d

Telephone Talk.

The central idea of the new phone company was and is universal telephone service in Jackson county. Every phone patron in the county should have free connection with every other patron at lowest price consistent with good service and cost of production, and without the consent of a few Louisville high financiers, who demand dividends on twice possibly three times the value of their plant, and would give or withhold service from any given community as suited their pleasure.

In order to make phone service universal throughout the county, the new phone company whose stockholders are all residents of Jackson county, contracted with the city of Seymour to admit all former exchanges on demand at a rate prepared by the farmers themselves, namely, 50 cents a year per phone. Under these extremely liberal terms more farmer exchanges have connected directly with Seymour during the first three months of the new company's existence, than during the previous twenty-five years, all of which would seem to indicate the farmers were only waiting a favorable opportunity to get telephone service. Patrons of the new company can now reach nearly three hundred farmers in Hamilton and Salt Creek townships alone, to say nothing of Redding and Jackson and projects, which are developing in every direction, which assure us every farmer who has a phone at all will shortly be connected with the new phone, for it is through the new phone and the new phone only all the doctors, all the business houses and the people of Seymour can be reached.

Don't lose sight of this fact—the old company had a chance to occupy this field alone on terms less favorable to the people than the new company now bind themselves to give under their franchise with the city. A double phone is a double tax. A double phone is unnecessary. A double tax is unnecessary.

PRESS COM. MERCHANTS ASS'N.
d&w

For Sake of Humanity He Suffered Hardships Was at Last Rewarded by a Great Discovery.

The great scientist devoted twenty years of his life to travel and study for the betterment of humankind and was at last rewarded by a discovery that is today filling hundreds of homes with health and happiness. Hundreds of letters of thanks are being received from every direction; and while money is much needed thing the scientist in an interview said: "I would gladly give every dollar I have and every dollar I expect to have if all people now suffering with stomach trouble, liver and kidney troubles understood the wonderful merits of Root Juice. It is a compound that heals and tones the blood-making and blood-filtering organs. It creates a healthy appetite prevents fermentation of food in the stomach and bowels, cleanses the system, stops bloating, belching and heart burn. It removes all causes of constipation and kidney symptoms. In after effects of la grippe, when the general health is bad, Root Juice has a truly wonderful toning action on the whole system. The great remedy is sold for \$1 a bottle at W. F. Peters drug store.

Church Dedicated.

The new Presbyterian church at Grammer, erected at a cost of \$4,000, was dedicated Sunday. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. George Knox of Lafayette. Practically all the money needed to free the church of debt has been raised. The Rev. George Hunt of Elizabethtown will be pastor.

Notice to Public.

Watch and wait for the big Forced to the wall sale at No. 111 S. Chestnut street. Begins Saturday morning Dec. 5, where 29 cents will buy you a dollars worth of honest merchandise. d3d

Sunset Violets

And many other new Perfumes, in bulk and packages, including Toilet Waters and Sachets, received this week at COX'S PHARMACY. It will well repay you to peep in at our show window once each day. You will see many valuable holiday suggestions. Don't fail to consult the "boss" of this busy establishment, if you're in need of holiday advice. Consultation free.

Cox Pharmacy

When He Was a Boy.

An observing citizen who has witnessed the progress of the last fifty years notes that when he was a boy people caught cold, soaked their feet in hot water and worked the next day. Now the cold is called the grip, while the patients dose with quinine and feel sick all summer. In his boyhood days people had sore throats, but they wrapped a piece of salt pork in an old sack, bound the same about their necks and continued at work. Now instead of a sore throat, it is tonsillitis, calling for a surgical operation and two weeks in bed. In the early days they had "side ache," took castor oil and recovered. Now, instead of the ache it is appendicitis, with days in the hospital and an operation, "culminating in six feet due east and west and six feet perpendicular." In his boyhood days people went crazy; now, instead, it is brainstorm. Like the negro philosopher in Virginia this man says that the changes that have come over people during his life time have been wonderful.

Ewing Store Entered.

The general store of Riley Bolles, of Brownstown, was robbed Monday night and it was only the fact that he keeps a night man at the store that prevented his loss from being much greater. The thief entered by a back window and in getting through from the hardware department into the grocery store he broke a window pane which made some racket and alarmed the night watch making it necessary for the robber to beat a hasty retreat. A few razors was all that has yet been missed from the store up to this morning. The fact that the parties entered the store when a night watch was on the inside is thought to be evidence that they were strangers in the town. Two strangers were arrested Tuesday morning on suspicion but no evidence could be found against them they were released.

Excellent Recital.

The recital given at the opera house last evening by Ludwig Becker, concert master, of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, assisted at the piano by Leo B. Riggs, under the auspices of the Progressive Music Club, was very fine. Nothing better has ever been heard in this city and the ladies composing the membership of the Music Club are being congratulated for bringing these artists to our city. Mr. Becker is a violinist of rare talent and his playing delighted the large audience. Every number was thoroughly enjoyed. It is seldom one has the opportunity to hear so famous a musician outside the large cities. Mr. Riggs who played the accompaniments for Mr. Becker excels as a pianist.

Card of Thanks.

We desire to express our sincere thanks to the friends and neighbors for their kindly assistance and helpful sympathy during the sickness and after the death of our daughter and sister, Miss Katherine Honan. We wish also to thank Father Conrad for his kindness. We are also grateful to the friends for floral tributes. We shall always hold all these kind friends in grateful remembrance.

MRS. MARY HONAN.
MRS. W. H. WILLMAN.

Wheat Market.

The price of wheat keeps gradually advancing and today, Wednesday Dec. 2, on the Seymour market good wheat will bring \$1.04 per bushel. There were several years that wheat was considerably below a dollar but a good many farmers have received that price this year.

Dehlers's Special No. 1.

Week End Sale for Thursday Friday and Saturday only. "American Girl, tan "Napoleon," Bootees, button or lace styles, regular value \$3.50 Week End Sale price \$2.85. d4d&w DEHLER'S STORE.

Scottish Rite Masons.

The semiannual convocation of Scottish Rite Masons is in progress in Indianapolis. A class of sixty candidates will be initiated. J. B. Shepard is among those attending from here.

Marriage Licenses.

A marriage license was issued at Brownstown today to John Fahay and Anna Phillips, both of this city.

Santa Claus is here with his headquarters at the Bee Hive. d3d

Take a look at Cox's Show window every day. It may save you time, worry and money. d2t

Springer's Book Shop is the best



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely PURE

Why these grapes? Because from the healthful grape comes the chief ingredient of Royal Baking Powder, Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

Alum-phosphate powders are made with harsh mineral acids and must be avoided.

Tell Your Story.

Nearly every merchant has a special line of goods for the Christmas trade and each year there is something new. The people buy more and better Christmas goods than a few years ago. This is a class of trade that every merchant appreciates but some get more than others because they go after it more vigorously. Every day now about every member of the family looks through the store news columns of their local paper for suggestions. Now is the time to supply reading matter along that line.

Meat Dealers Sunday Closing

We, the undersigned dealers in meat hereby mutually agree that beginning Sunday, December 6, 1908, will not sell meat on Sunday during the winter months of 1908-9.

J. A. Russell.
John Grelle.
P. A. Niehter.
Blumer & Barriger.
Edw. R. Fenton.
Louis G. Helms.

House Burned.

James Mayberry suffered a heavy fire loss on his farm west of Freetown a few days ago. His residence of seven rooms was burned with most of the contents including furniture and a valuable library. Whether or not there was insurance on the property the REPUBLICAN has not been advised.

Attention Woodmen!

Election of officers for the year 1909 at the regular meeting Wednesday night. All members urged to be present.

W. H. LEMP, C.
GEO. F. MEYER, Clerk.
d2d
Hair receivers and hat pin tubes for decoration at Cox's Pharmacy. d2t

Majestic Theatre

Thursday, Dec. 3rd

The Merry Widow McCARTY AND HER BEAUTY CHORUS

A Happy Combination of
Mirth, Music and Merriment
The All Fun Show you have all heard of. No waits between laughs. 5th Triumphant Season. Praised by the papers. Patronized by the public. Played at popular prices. Don't miss the best show of the season.
PRICES—25-35-50-75 cents. Seat Sale Miller's Book Store.

Richart For Shoes and Rubbers

We carry the best line of medium priced Shoes you can find on the market. We have them in all leathers for ladies, men, girls and boys. We have just received a nice line of Low Heel Shoes for big girls, both in button and lace. Just the shoe for school wear. There is no doubt that our stock of Rubber Goods is the most complete in the city.

Yours For Shoes
RICHART
Opposite Interurban Station

October gave a party. The leaves by hundreds came—The Ashes, Oaks and Maples, and leaves of every name. The sunshine spread a carpet, and everything was grand; Miss Weather led the dancing; Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnut came in yellow, the Oaks in crimson dressed; The lovely Misses Maple, in purple, looked their best, All balanced to their partners, and gayly fluttered by; The sight was like a rainbow new fallen from the sky.

Then in the rusty hollows, at hide-and-peek they played. The party closed at sundown and everybody stayed. Professor Wind played louder; they flew along the ground, And then the party ended in jolly "hands all round."

The Leaping Sword

"The only thing that liveth there is a naked leaping sword."

"I have asked you to come down, Mr. Northbrook, because a friend told me how much help you were to her once in a very difficult affair, that she could not have confided to any ordinary friend or adviser. I am in a difficulty as great as hers, but I am almost afraid to hope that you can do as much for me."

"Let me hear at least what is wrong, then I can judge. If I see no likelihood of being able to help, I will tell you so at once."

"The trouble has to do with my only daughter. She is a delicate girl, highly strung and excitable, and it was on her account that I came here. The doctors said she had been going out too much, and needed perfect rest and sea air. Well, she has them both here, but so far she is distinctly worse, not better, than when we came."

"Have you discovered any reason for this?"

"None. She tells me she likes the place, and I believe she does. It is a very old house, as you will have noticed and she takes the greatest interest in it. She has explored every nook and corner. But she is more restless and excitable here than she was in London. I can't understand it, it seems so strange. I am sure something is worrying her, but she won't confide in me." Mrs. Drummond's tone was fretful and despairing. She was a normal woman herself, and she felt distinctly aggrieved at having a daughter who did not take after other girls.

"Then I am afraid it is hardly likely she will in me, as I am a perfect stranger to her."

"She might if she thought you sympathetic and found out that you have similar tastes to her own. She was always an imaginative girl, inclined to dabble in spiritualism and that sort of thing, and as you have devoted your life to psychical research I thought you might be able to understand her—I can't."

"I will see what I can do, but I am not very hopeful. In any case, don't let her suspect that I am anything more than an ordinary visitor, or you will put her on her guard if she really has something to conceal."

While they were talking the door opened, and Helen Drummond came in. Northbrook saw a tall, slender girl, with a dazzling complexion and red hair. She did not belong to the inanimate, anaemic type of invalid, that was evident. Indeed, at first glance, one would hardly have thought that anything was the matter with her. But to a trained intelligence like Northbrook's she soon betrayed herself. He saw how restless she was; how absent-minded. She could not keep still for long at a time; she was constantly moving about, though apparently without any object. No doubt she was too finely organized to stand the strain of a London season as some girls can, but there must be something more than that. She did not look tired or exhausted, but over alive. She suggested the idea of being on the look-out for something or somebody. She could not settle to anything. There was expectation in her air.

"There may be quite an ordinary explanation of all this," Northbrook thought. "She may have left somebody in London in whom she is more than a little interested." He discreetly questioned Mrs. Drummond on this point.

"She had a good deal of attention," was the reply, "as you see she is an attractive girl. But there was only one man of whom she took any particular notice, and I persuaded her to give him up. His name was Douglas Vansittart. He was a dangerous man, as fascinating as he was worthless. I think it was only a girlish fancy and she has forgotten him."

Northbrook did all he could to make friends with Helen, and he was successful up to a certain point. She was quite ready to talk to him on different subjects, to have him stroll by her side when she was gathering flowers for the house, to treat him generally as a pleasant acquaintance; but that was all. He had not reached her real self yet; he knew that. He knew, too, that it was quite time somebody did. There was some adverse influence at work. What it was he could not guess—perhaps she did not know herself—but her mind preyed on her body.

They were standing one evening on the terrace that overlooked the sea. It was a favorite walk with Helen. She liked to pace up and down between the old house and the gray, rolling Atlantic, whose waves dragged ever at the rocky shore, as though they would tear it away.

"This will not be a cheerful outlook a month or two hence," Northbrook said. "It is a little overwhelming even now on a summer night, there is such a sense of space and loneliness; you hear nothing but the sea and the wind. But in the cold grayness of winter it would be nothing less than formidable. There are some places that seem as if they ought to be left to themselves. They are not meant for human habitation."

"It has a wonderful fascination, I think," the girl said, dreamily. "You are so cut off from the world that you almost forget it is there. You forget its hard matter-of-factness, its limited views. You could imagine anything here; all things seem possible."

"You believe in the influence of places? So do I. But I believe in the influence of things as well—things made by man. For instance, that old house there," nodding his head backwards, "impresses me almost as much as the sea that rolls at its feet. It has stood there two or three hundred years at least, what a history it must have! Think of the joys and sorrows—the sin and wickedness perhaps—that it has known; all shut up within those gray stone walls, to become part and parcel of its existence."

He heard her draw her breath hard. "I go farther than you," she said. "I think it is the most wonderful thing here—the most wonderful and terrible. It impresses me more than the sea and the silence and the loneliness. It is so



POOR CREATURES ON BOARD THE DOOMED SHIP.

old and secret, it knows so much, above all it is so—alive."

The word shot out, as though she felt the full force of it; as though it would not be kept back. She stood, with clasped hands, looking up at the old house, on its rocky pinnacle, bare, isolated, defiant in its strength; a home worthy of men. Looking at it thus, it had no need of speech to impress the beholder; every stone held a memory and a voice.

"Do you know that saying, 'Thou art the soul of thy house, and he who after thee inhabits it will know thee'?" she asked softly. "Since I have been here I have discovered for myself how true that is. * * * But you will laugh at me and think me fanciful and romantic. And yet standing here, as we do now, do you think the idea is so far-fetched?"

"I shall not laugh," he said quietly. "I don't think everything absurd that cannot be proved and catalogued. I believe that there is as much—or more—left for us to learn as we already know, and the great discoveries of the future will be in the spiritual, not in the material world. But can't you tell me more? I am very much interested in such theories."

"It is difficult to put anything so vague into words," she said hesitatingly, "and yet I should like to tell somebody who understood—who might advise me, perhaps. I have felt so helpless, I have been afraid to speak, for fear of being laughed at. I thought at first that I was ill and fanciful, and that the feeling would wear off. But it doesn't," emphatically, "it grows stronger every day."

"What is it?" Northbrook asked gently. He saw how agitated she was. The long white hands were clasped with nervous intensity, the slight figure quivered from head to foot. "Give me some idea. I have made a study of such things, I shall understand."

"Well!" slowly, "ever since we came here, I have felt that the house was taking hold of me—that it influenced me in an unaccountable way. I don't seem to belong to myself. I think things I never thought before; ideas come that are quite new to me. I seem to be living in another world. I

have fought against the influence, but it is stronger than I. It is that—the struggle between the new and the old, the sense of bewilderment—of fear," dropping her voice, "that makes me so restless and unhappy. I know if I told my mother, she would take me away at once. But I don't exactly want to go; I love the place in a way. I feel repelled and attracted by it at the same time."

"To what does the influence tend?" he asked. "Does it lead you in any direction? Would you describe it as good or bad?"

"I have wondered," she said abruptly, without answering his question, "who the people are to whom the house belongs, the real owners, I mean. We took it over from somebody who was only renting it and had got tired of it in a few months. I have fancied that the old family—those who built the house and lived here for generations—must have been a wild, turbulent race; that they cared little about any laws either of God or man. I feel—I know," with conviction, "that evil has been done here that has not yet been atoned for."

"It would be easy to find out who the owners are. There isn't a village or a house near, but I could write to the agents for you and make inquiries. It—," Northbrook stopped short. Helen Drummond was not listening. She was staring with dilated eyes across the sea to where the Black Rocks stood out, dark and menacing, at the bend of the cliff. Many a home had had cause to remember those rocks that took toll of so many brave ships, but to-night the sea that lapped round them held no threat of danger. It was perfectly calm.

"What is it?" he asked quickly. "What are you looking at?" He saw that she was holding her breath under the strain of some intense excitement. Her eyes were wide with fear and wonder, and her face was a gray white.

"What is it?" he said again. "What is the matter? You alarm me," and he put his hand on her arm to draw her away. But she shook it off.

"Don't you see?" she whispered hoarsely, her eyes never relaxing their gaze, "don't you see it—the flaming sword? There! flashing to and fro in front of the Black Rocks, a great sword of white fire. Oh, how terrible!" and she shuddered convulsively. "But there is nothing," Northbrook said in amazement. "I can see the rocks quite clearly, but there is nothing else. Come back to the house. You are tired and overwrought. Your nerves are playing you a trick. It is a thing that often happens, you must not be frightened, it will pass off directly."

"You don't understand," she said impatiently. "I—ah!" drawing a long breath, "it has gone now." Her whole figure relaxed as after an intense strain and she almost fell on to a seat close by. "You don't believe me," she said, more quietly, in a few moments, but I saw it plainly enough. It is a warning, but few people can see it, only one now and again. The Drummonds are a Highland race, you know, and I heard so many strange things in my childhood that this old story does not seem as impossible to me as to you perhaps."

"Oh, there is some legend connected with the rocks, then?"

"Yes, I found it in an old manuscript in the library here. The story says that when a ship is going to be wrecked on the Black Rocks the flaming sword flashes out, striking up and down, as though it struck at human life. Nobody has ever been saved by the warning, because the sword is never seen by those to whom it means danger or death. There was a fragment of verse which I have often thought of since:

"It counts the sins of all men there, and Slays the red-stained horde—The ghosts of all the sins of men must know the whirling sword."

"But don't you see how likely you were—in your present disturbed nervous condition—to imagine you saw the sword after reading that story? You have been shut up in this wild place, in the midst of everything calculated to stimulate the imagination and turn it in the direction of mystery and psychological problems. I think you must acknowledge that there may be quite a simple explanation of your vision."

"You mean that it was pure fancy?" she said, quietly. "Well! I won't argue about it. Wait a few days and see if anything happens."

But they had not to wait so long. About 1 o'clock that morning, at the turn of the tide, the wind rose, rushing shoreward with the sea like a giant let loose. In what seemed an incredibly short time it was blowing a gale. Northbrook could not sleep for the noise, so he got up and went down to the gallery, which commanded an extensive view of the coast. A moon flying across a wild sky gave him a glimpse now and again of an evil-looking sea, a mass of black-gray water, foaming with white. He had not stood there more than a few minutes, watching sea and sky grow every moment more dark and threatening, when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned and saw Helen.

"I haven't been to sleep at all," she said, in a trembling whisper, "I couldn't—I was too restless. I felt that something was waiting outside in the night, that it would get loose before morning—and it has. When I heard you go down, I got up, too. It was horrible lying there without anybody to speak to, listening to the wind and the sea and thinking of the flaming sword."

He wrapped her cloak more closely round her, and they stood looking out

into the darkness without a word. The old house was so intensely quiet that it seemed to be listening with them. Northbrook had not acknowledged to himself that he expected anything, that he anticipated any disaster, and yet he stood there, as silent and motionless as his companion.

The darkness grew of an inky deepness, the night was as black as a wolf's throat; they could see nothing, but still they did not think of moving. They stared out, as though under a spell. The wind had turned from a roar to a scream now; it went shrilling round the house like a mourner bewailing its dead. The sea fell with a thunderous noise on the beach below.

Suddenly the thick blackness was broken by brilliant-hued stars falling into space. "A rocket!" they both exclaimed in the same breath, as the terrible signal of distress appealed silently for help. Another went up. It came from the direction of the fatal rocks. Helen clung to Northbrook's arm, hardly able to stand. Was that awful sword flaming in front of the Black Rocks now, she wondered, waiting to mow down its victims?

"Go!" she said, pushing Northbrook from her, "for God's sake, go and help!"

He knew he could do nothing, that any help—to be of use—must come before he could possibly reach the coast-guard station. But to be out in the wind and rain, suffering a little of what the poor creatures on board the doomed ship were bearing, was better than to stop in comfort and safety now. So he left her and went. He returned at daybreak.

"Well?" she queried, briefly, with stiff gray lips, as her wild eyes fastened on the drenched, storm-beaten figure that stumbled into the room.

"Well?"

"They have all been saved—but

one," he said, as soon as he could find his breath.

"And that one?"

"Is Douglas Vansittart, the owner of

this house," he answered, softly.

For a moment he was afraid of what she might do. Then she bowed her head on her hands.

"God be merciful to him, a sinner!" she prayed.—Black and White.

TIBURONS NOT CANNIBALS.

So Reports Capt. F. E. Thompson, Who Finds Natives Hospitable.

That the Indians of Tiburon Island are neither cannibals nor ferocious is the information brought by Capt. F. E. Thompson, who returned yesterday after a nine months' sojourn on that "island of mystery," says a Los Angeles dispatch to the New York Herald.

Capt. Thompson denies many of the thrilling stories told of the people by explorers and travelers, and upsets many of the fables related by supposedly authentic historians. Capt. Thompson has photographs to prove his declarations.

Capt. Thompson made five landings on the island, and met and was entertained by Chief Francisco of the Seri Indians, and his son, Ponchita, and fifteen members of the tribe at Pearl Point, set down on Dewey's chart as "The Inferno."

Instead of meeting cannibals and desperate characters Capt. Thompson was welcomed to the island under a flag of truce, spent some time in the company of Chief Francisco, and was invited by the chief to visit him at his home back in the country from the coast.

"I believe I am the first white man to bring back a friendly report from the island," said Capt. Thompson the other day. "I found the dread Seris, written about as head hunters by explorers who have ventured into the Gulf of California, most hospitable, well meaning and kind-hearted."

"My object was to find phosphates for the company by which I am employed, and the chief gave me every assistance besides entertaining me royally during my stay on the island. On my first landing I was a bit suspicious. The chief spoke a doggerel Spanish and his son spoke the language of the Seris. The Yaquis acted as interpreters."

"I gave the chief tobacco, corn and beans, and we began to get acquainted. Then he brought out the pipe of peace, a big stone affair, and we smoked ceremoniously. That night we had a dinner of sea turtle."

"He took us on a tour of the island. We were gone several days, mounted on burros, of which he had a large herd. The long sand bar at Pearl point is literally paved with pearl oysters, and I have no doubt that there is a fortune for any one who can get the chief's permission to exploit the place."

"When I left at the end of my first visit with him he presented me with a beautiful bow and arrow, artistically dyed with berry juices."

"In return I asked him what I could give him, and the only thing we had that struck his fancy was my shirt. I gave it to him and offered him another, but he refused, saying, 'I can wear but one shirt at a time.'"

Same Result.

"Hello, old man! Haven't seen you for years! How are you?"

"Health is good, but I am always broke."

"Just like you used to be! My! My! The times I have advised you to stop playing poker."

"I did stop, but I'm married now."—Houston Post.

Probably.

"I wonder what would have happened if that woman who climbed that high mountain in South America had found a mouse on the top of it?"

"She would probably have climbed a mile higher right up in the air."—Houston Post.

FRANKLIN TAVERN PRESERVED.

Hostelry at Hartsville, Pa., Where Patriot Was Often a Guest.

An ancient tavern is still standing in Hartsville, which is of special interest to history students, because of its association with Benjamin Franklin's connection with the postal service of colonial days.

It was known as the "Old Cross-Roads Hotel" in the long ago, when Hartsville was called "Hart's Cross-Roads," because the Bristol road and the York road here intersect, says a Hartsville special to the St. Louis Republic. The Hart family were among the earliest settlers in the vicinity and gave the name to the place. One of the most famous proprietors of the old tavern belonged to the Hart family, Col. William Hart, who came from Plumstead to the Hartsville hotel about 1780 and kept it until 1817.

He is noted as having been a man of fine appearance and great physical strength, and while in Plumstead he had been prominent in the capture of the Doans, who during the revolution, took advantage of the troublous times to rob and murder many of the citizens of the region and even to plunder the county treasury at Newton of several thousand dollars.

The early stages carrying the United States mail from Philadelphia to New York ran on the York road, and always stopped at this old hostelry. Here they took a relay of horses, and it is a tradition that on their way from the north, when the driver reached the top of Kerr's hill, a mile distant, he gave a long blast to his horn, a signal that the fresh horses at the hotel should be brought out of the stable ready to be attached to the coach.

It was many years previous to this, about 1755, that Benjamin Franklin was postmaster general of the united colonies. He used to go up and down the York road between New York and Philadelphia in a one-horse chaise, looking after the interests of the postal service, and the Cross Roads hostelry was his favorite stopping place along the way.

The rambling old inn, standing with its end to the York road, has been outwardly altered by shingle roof and plaster cast walls, but it is claimed that the interior of the building is practically unchanged since the days when the old mail coaches stopped here for their relay of horses and noted guests from the distant cities patronized the ancient tavern.

MODERN PLAINS CRAFT.

After reading Mark Twain's remarks on Cooper, young people may think that Indian craft, the ability to follow the faintest trail, and to deduce from the signs and tokens the motive and purpose of the maker of the trail, belongs only to the old-fashioned story books.

A true story, which would please both Mark Twain and Cooper, relates the feat of "Yesterday," an Apache Indian in Arizona, who followed the trail of a lawbreaker for miles across the dry, flinty desert, detailed every action of the suspected man, both before and after the commission of the crime, and absolutely disproved a plausible story which implicated two tramps in the wrong-doing.

Yesterday is a middle-aged man, and has never been what is termed a "hostile." He has no knowledge of English, but is deeply versed in the ancient craft of his race. The tracks left by the man upon the desert were so slight that the white men could not see them at all, even by bending over until their eyes were not more than three feet from the ground; but Yesterday followed the tracks at a rapid trot. Where the man had stopped, the Indian explained the purpose and what had happened. Here he had wandered and thought to turn to another point; there he had formed a new resolution and pressed on—all of which proved to be true.

In court, the Indian's testimony was the most dramatic and realistic ever heard in that region. The Apache spoke largely in pantomime, and although the jury could not understand a word he uttered, they knew his meaning perfectly before the interpreter could make the translation.

Asked who committed the deed, he stood up and pointed an accusing arm at the man on trial. The testimony of an actual eyewitness would not have been more convincing, and a verdict of guilty was promptly returned.

One Trouble After Another.

"I have just found out about the woman opposite me after two years of mystery and anxiety," said the flat dweller. "She is a pretty, fat, roly-poly woman with a white complexion, who sits at her window half of her time doing nothing. She has a boy of about ten. Her life seemed so simple, and still I didn't see how she lived. Evidently she didn't support a husband, but who supported her. The thing worried me, but last night I found how it was. Her husband is a violin player, who plays all night long at some concert hall and sleeps the livelong day. I'd rather work for a living than keep the house quiet for a husband who has to sleep all day, then gets up just at the time when you want to go out for a little rollicking and plays the violin somewhere."—New York Press.

Then!

"Do you consider that Louise falls in love easily?"

"Well, as a rule she succumbs after about a hundred dollars' worth of theater tickets."—Life.

Bits for Bookworms

A new novel by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" has been completed, and it will be the serial feature of The Century during the year 1909.

No week passes, without the announcement of a new book on Napoleon. The latest promised us is a translation of the "Memoirs of Comte de Rambuteau." He was Napoleon's chamberlain, and his book gives voluminous notes on the purely social aspect of the imperial court, with a good deal of light also on his master's character.

Clement Shorter's new work, "The Brontës: Life and Letters," has made its appearance. It is described as "an attempt to present a full and final record of the lives of the three sisters, Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, from the biographies of Mrs. Gaskell and others, and from numerous hitherto unpublished manuscripts and letters."

The extent to which mankind is addicted to the writing of fiction is indicated by the experience of the London publisher who advertised for "an entirely new novelist" and offered a prize for the best "first novel" submitted to him. He has received some hundreds of manuscripts from all parts of the world. The novel of modern life is engaging the energies of most writers of fiction to-day, but the prize in this case went to a young Englishman for what is described as "a stirring historical romance." His name is Rupert Lorraine—though that sounds like a pseudonym—and the name of his story is "The Woman and the Sword."

History is presented in a very palatable form in Captain Harry Graham's book, "A Group of Scottish Women." Scotland has many things to be proud of, but of these she may well reckon among the first the beauty, wit and abilities of her women. Captain Graham is not concerned with history, but history is largely concerned with the women about whom he writes with much of humor and as great a regard for truth as history and tradition will allow him. Each heroine is more or less well known, but these biographical sketches or memoirs so grouped together make a unique and very readable book. The author's footnotes are quite a feature.

For guidance in time of spiritual need, a series of little paper-covered pamphlets of a score of pages or so, each encased in its own ornamental envelope, will bring help to the many who seek aid from the thoughts and advice of others. They bear such significant titles as "The Valley of Troubling," "The Blues Cure," "Whence Cometh Help," "The Land of Pure Delight," and "The Song of Our Syrian Guest," and the variety of their authorship offers a diverse point of view whose advantage cannot be overlooked. Each is attractively printed and of their writers the most notable names are Washington Gladden, Rev. George A. Gordon and Rev. Newman Smith.

Sally's Iron.

In describing some of her associates of the stage, Ellen Terry, in McClure's Magazine, tells of her dresser, Sarah Holland. She had an extraordinarily open mind, writes Miss Terry, and was ready to grasp each new play as it came along as a separate and entirely different field of operations.

She was extremely methodical, and only got flurried once in a blue moon. When we went to America and made the acquaintance of that dreadful thing, a "one-night stand," she was as precise and particular about having everything nice and in order for me as if we were going to stay in the town a month. Down went my neat square of white drugget; all the lights in my dressing-room were arranged as I wished; everything was unpacked and ironed.

One day, when I came into some American theater to dress, I found Sally nearly in tears.

"What's the matter with you, Sally?" I asked.

"I haven't had a morsel to heat all day, dear, and I can't eat my iron."

"Eat your iron, Sally! What do you mean?"

"Ow am I to iron all this, dear?"

walled my faithful Sally, picking up my Nance Oldfield apron and a few other trifles. "It won't get 'ot!"

Until then I really thought that Sally was being sardonic about an iron as a substitute for victuals.

Convinced at Last.

On Mr. Bryan's recent visit to Indianapolis, he was asked what he would do if again defeated for the presidency, and replied by telling a story of a Texan who wandered into a ballroom while intoxicated and was ejected. He walked right in again, and was roughly handled and thrust forth into outer darkness. A third time he staggered in, and this time was unceremoniously kicked out. Gathering himself together, he remarked to the interested spectators:

"Them fellows can't fool me—they don't want me in there!"—Success Magazine.

Valuable.

Ray—Do you believe in ideals? Fay—Yes, indeed. They prevent life from being monotonous. It keeps one busy, you know, watching them go to smash.—Detroit Free Press.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

PEACE AND HEALTH.

HERE is some good advice given by a beautiful woman to a girl admirer who asked her for her recipe for remaining "such an evergreen."

"Never work on till you are seemingly at your last gasp, whether at your business or your pleasure, but rest as you go along. If you forego rest until your work is done, the chances are that you will then be too tired to take it. Get all the beauty-sleep you can. Remember that late hours are fatal to good looks and health, and don't commit the folly of working far into the night, and then wondering why your work is not well done and you feel so good for nothing the next day."

"Shield your nerves, and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train, don't pace a platform wildly, but inquire when the next train comes in and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down, perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clinch and unclinch their hands, and are apparently in a fever heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. The half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it. Try to cultivate calmness; but if you cannot do that all at once, you can keep your face still."—London Family.

A RUDE COINCIDENCE.

PICKED up by the police, George Ferris died in the Desplaines street station from exposure and starvation. In a hole in a haystack on the canal bank a father, mother and two children were discovered, half-clad in dirty rags, absolutely without food, and the father unconscious and delirious.

While all this was happening the lawyers in Judge Eberhardt's court were reading an interesting letter from Lord Curzon of Kedleston, whose wife was the daughter of Levi Leiter. The English nobleman and his two children receive \$68,000 a year, besides the income from a trust fund of \$1,700,000.

When the Leiter estate was settled up Curzon was paid more than his share through a bookkeeping error. A little later he was informed that the overpayment of \$10,700 would be deducted from his allowance. A letter from the nobleman to Hugh Crabbe was read in court. In it Curzon said:

"I was very much horrified to receive your intimation that I was to be deprived of \$10,700 on the ground of an alleged mistake in the November audit."

This noble English dependent upon American charity was "horrified." Note the word well. What would happen if all the American millions deposited to the credit of foreign noblemen should suddenly be withdrawn? Lord Curzon spends \$133,000 a year. Lady Suffolk and Mrs. Colin Campbell, his sisters-in-law, spend \$125,000 a

year each. That means \$383,000 a year of money taken from Chicago to keep up the "dignity" of English aristocrats. All this is from one Chicago family.

Yet men starve in Chicago streets, while women and children seek shelter in haystacks.—Chicago Journal.

TWO GOLDEN DAYS.

THERE are two days in the week upon which and about which I never worry. Two golden days, kept sacredly free from fear and apprehension.

One of these days is yesterday. Yesterday, with all its cares and frets, with all its pains and sorrows, has passed forever beyond the power of my control, beyond the reach of my recall. I cannot undo an act that I wrought; I cannot recall a word that I said; cannot calm a storm that raged on yesterday. All that it holds of my life, of regret, or sorrow, or wrong, is in the hands of the mighty love that can bring oil out of the rock and sweet waters out of the bitterest desert—the love that can make the wrong things right, and turn mourning into laughter. Save for the beautiful memories, sweet and tender, that linger like a perfume of dried roses in the heart of the day that is gone, I have nothing to do with yesterday. It was mine; now it belongs to God.

And the other day I do not worry over is to-morrow. To-morrow, with all its possible cares, its burdens, its sorrows, its perils, its poor performances, and its bitter mistakes, is as far beyond my reach of mastery as its dead sister, yesterday.—The Banner of Gold.

PANAMA CUT PROMISES PROFIT.

AS for the Suez canal, there also the traffic has gone on increasing, until last year's report shows that the receipts amounted to over \$24,000,000, of which it is said more than three-fifths were a clear profit. Even if the Panama canal yield no profit in cash, it will be of immense value in other ways to this country, but as it will be, like the Suez waterway, a highway of travel for the accommodation of the entire world, there need be no doubt that it will ultimately be a source of great revenue for the government.—Boston Courier.

POPULATION OF GERMANY.

THE statistical year book for the German empire, just issued, shows its present population to be 63,017,000. The increase within the empire has for several years averaged a little less than a million. But millions more have migrated to Austria, to South America and to the United States.

They have relieved the nation of the necessity of breaking its political bounds, and they have made a good impression of the German character abroad. Modern emigration prevents more wars than diplomacy.—New York Times.

BARGAINS IN MUMMIES.

Growsome Objects that Turn Out to Be Fakes Pure and Simple.

While riding among the old Egyptian tombs, writes a traveler in the Detroit News-Tribune, the tourist is usually approached by the relic sharks. You repel them. Then comes a fellow who acts mysteriously, looks about suspiciously and talks to your cicerone in an undertone. Your curiosity is aroused and you ask the guide for information. It turns out that the man lives in one of the forsaken tombs near by and that several days ago he had found a hitherto undiscovered grave with a mummy in it, from which he had disjoined several members and taken some trinkets found in the bandages. The objects could be seen at his lodging if the traveler would care to step that way.

They are growsome objects that are displayed—a skull, two hands and two feet. There are also some stone beads, a small bronze statuette, a couple of clay images and the mummy wrappings.

You pay, perhaps, little attention to the latter objects on account of the possibility of fraud, but you are attracted by the disjoined members that belonged to a man who walked the earth centuries before the Savior appeared on it. True, they are growsome, but they are just the things that are more closely associated with the name of Egypt than any other relic could be. There is no chance for fraud in an object of this kind. They are natural, shrunken and withered members, black, parchmentlike and you even detect a spicy odor which you connect with the embalming process of the ancient Egyptians. Surely nothing more could be desired in the way of proofs.

At last you have acquired a real curiosity, and you cannot help exhibiting your acquisition, on your return to the hotel to the proprietor, without, however, disclosing its source as promised the poor Arab. The hotel man smiles.

"Have you been caught?" he says. "They are human remains sure enough, but they never grow on an ancient Egyptian. They belonged to some dark-skinned Arab who was buried for a few years in the dry sand of the desert as an investment. It is a common trick; the condition of the ground and the absolutely dry climate, which exclude decomposition and cause a natural mummification, make the deception possible."

An Athletic Performance.

"So you think that a man in public life ought to devote some time to physical culture?"

"Assuredly. Otherwise he can't hope to survive the handshaking."—Washington Star.

TRADING FOR A WIFE.

An Army Officer's Experience with an Indian at Western Port.

"He says he would like to trade with you for your wife!"—It came out at last. It was a startling proposition indeed. For a moment we were both too breathless to comment. Finally my husband yielded to his impulse for amusement, and, smiling at me, he replied:

"Ask him what he will give for her." "He says six ponies, lieutenant."

"Oh, tell him she is worth lots more than that."

"He will give you twelve ponies for her."

My husband again replied that he would not trade for anything like that; so the Indian kept raising his bid. He offered twenty ponies; then twenty ponies and a squaw and a pappoose. At length, wearying of the nonsense, my husband nodded his dismissal of the subject. But the Indian seemed to think that the apparent holding out for a higher price constituted a trade when the final offer was not rejected. He appeared satisfied, but soon signified he wished to finish the bargain. Of course my husband immediately objected. My savage admirer continued unaccountably insistent; and amicably to rid himself of the Indian's importunity my husband told him I was not fit for more travel; that I needed to go to rest at once. Accordingly, I entered our tent.

The Indian was not content, and continued, with some of his companions, to hang around the camp until one of the men told them they must now return to their camp, as we were all going to retire. When they had reluctantly departed my husband laughingly told the lieutenant, who had not been present at the parleying, of the incident. The latter looked grave, and expressed a fear that the Indian, in the belief that he had made a trade, might cause trouble when the bargain was not kept. My husband assured him that there was no agreement, and that the buck had no basis for such a claim. The lieutenant explained that the failure to reject the last bid and the presence of witnesses to the price haggling was all that the Indian considered necessary to make a binding affair of heart and honor.

Of course, terms had to be reached, and my husband, for the only time in his experience with the red men, or as far as I know, with any man, agreed to compromise. He bought them off, and appeased their disappointment by a gift of good, hard money and a lot of tobacco.—Army and Navy Life.

CROPS GROW WITHOUT RAIN.

How the Syrian Peasant Makes Use of the Moist Subsoil.

In Syria and Palestine from the beginning of April until October there is practically no rain, yet in July the fields teem with a vigorous growth of water melons, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc., all flourishing without artificial watering, although at that time no rain has fallen for many weeks.

In fact, the Syrian peasant from the moment his seed has been sown prays that no rain may fall. During the period of growth of a crop the surface of the soil to a depth of six or eight inches is perfectly dry and loose. Below this surface layer will be found moist soil, in which the roots extend and grow vigorously. In this moist subsoil plants continue to grow until late autumn. When the crop is removed in the autumn the rains commence, and the land is plowed after each heavy rain as soon as the soil begins to dry.

Two primary objects are kept in view in plowing—to furnish a favorable surface for taking up all the water and to prevent its upward evaporation from the subsoil. The great point is to keep the upper six inches of soil perfectly loose and friable, so that the moisture from below is not drawn upward and lost in evaporation, but does not ascend higher than the compact subsoil that is not broken up by the plow. For this reason the plowing is shallow, averaging from four to six inches in depth.

When the time for sowing the seed arrives the land is plowed to a depth of about six inches and the seed is sown from an arrangement attached to the plow, falls on the damp subsoil and is covered by the soil closing over behind the plowshare. From this time the upper stratum of loose soil prevents the escape of moisture upward beyond the wet subsoil on which the seeds rest and into which their roots after the process of germination spread.—Chicago Tribune.

For Pleasure.

In quoting from the speech of the president of the Equal Suffrage League of New York at a recent meeting, the Washington Star repeats one of her stories of old Hiram Doolittle.

Hiram made his wife keep a cash account. Every week he would go over it, growling and grumbling like this: "Look here, Hannah, mustard plasters, fifty cents; three teeth extracted, two dollars! There's two dollars and a half in one week spent for your own private pleasure. Do you think I'm made of money?"

Where Meals Reside.

Forlorn Freddie (the hoboe)—Just think, little girl!—I don't know where my next meal is comin' from!

The Little Girl (sympathetically)—Dear me! Ain't there a pantry in your house, poor man?—Puck.

One of the funniest things we know of is the manner in which a young man drops out of the social world when he gets married.

HE GAVE AWAY HIS STORE.

But the Next Day He Decided He Would Sell It.

To a certain city there came, once upon a time, a certain man with glorious ideas of fads and fashions and the goods to represent them, says the Kansas City Star. He opened up a pretty little shop, placed some "creations" in the windows and then waited. Day after day went by and the flood of customers he confidently expected also rushed by. They didn't even hesitate at his window display, and the man waxed exceedingly sore.

"It's a jay town," said the man. "It is a—A—I don't care what it is. They don't know the real goods when they see them. Here I've paid duty on all these fine things, just to bring them from Paris, and the women—Ha! They go somewhere else and buy American goods. Think of it, American goods!"

And the man stood in his doorway each day with appealing invitation in his eye to all who passed. Finally the appeal was gone from his face and he looked grave and hard set. His fine frocks and pretty hats were still in the store, and his friend found him with teeth grit as he stepped to call.

"Business?" he growled. "Business? There's no such thing as business. Here I've got the finest stock of dainty things and—say!" His excitement was getting the better of him. "Say! If somebody would only come in and ask for something it wouldn't be so bad. I'd—"

A fashionably dressed woman at that moment turned into the doorway, and the proprietor, wreathed in smiles, bowed his acknowledgment of her call.

"Something I can show you, madam?" he inquired.

She looked carelessly at the finery in the cases and said:

"Have you any men's overshoes?"

The poor man's hands went to his head and his agonized countenance warned the customer that she had made a terrible mistake. When she had gone the man crept meekly to his friend.

"Overshoes!" he gasped. "That's what I get with a store full of—it's all over. I give everything away. Take the place—I don't want it. Overshoes! Bah!"

And he clapped his hat on his head and marched out of the store.

The next day a sign in the window read: "I'm selling out."

QUEER STORIES

New York has an area of 209,218 acres.

Irish cows yield from 300 gallons of milk to over 1,000. In one case the yield was 1,469 gallons.

American and English locomotives are to be used largely on the private railway lines in Austria, about 2,000 miles of which are to be purchased by the government next year, at a cost of about \$15,000,000.

Among the applicants at Carrick-on-Shannon (England) post office for an old-age pension form was a man named Pat Reynolds of the Coothead District, who has attained the patriarchal age of 109. He is hale and hearty and in full possession of all his faculties.

Ogden Mills Reid, only son of White-law Reid, publisher of the New York Tribune, has begun work as a reporter on his father's paper. Young Mr. Reid, who is 25 years old, is a Yale graduate of the class of 1904. Subsequently he took a course at the Yale Law School.

A supply of sponges from Yucatan may be looked for ere long. There is a large growth of fine sponges left untouched so far, as the native divers do not usually take sponges at a greater depth than fifteen feet. The better class grow in the greater depths, and these are now to be gathered.

Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood was in attendance at the maneuvers of the German army in Alsace Lorraine, which came to an end Sept. 10. He speaks highly of the courtesy of the German military authorities. From Saarbrücken Gen. Wood went to France, where he was present at the French maneuvers.

The foreign trade of Japan in the first five months of this year decreased by \$15,000,000. Imports exceed exports by about \$40,000,000, against \$30,000,000 in the first five months of 1907. Of the decrease \$12,000,000 was in exports. Imports of machinery, however, continue to increase steadily, showing that manufacturing in Japan is developing. The imports, as a whole, totaled \$109,000,000 and exports \$69,000,000, a total trade of \$178,000,000, reckoning the yen at 50 cents American.

The Congress at La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, has passed the bill which orders that hereafter the export duty paid on copper and bismuth, the chief products of the country, shall be in proportion to the price of those articles in Europe on the day they are exported from Bolivia. The Congress is discussing another bill presented by the government, to the effect that the national bank should be authorized to send silver bars to European mints, and when they return, coined, the law shall prohibit the export of that money.

Every one is occasionally shocked when he realizes how easily he becomes reconciled to the death of a friend.

Some kinds of meanness are more unpopular than others.



"These Johnnies are somethin' fierce," remarked the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "Honest, it's gettin' so that a girl's afraid to go out on the street anywheres unless she's got a gentleman friend along."

"Is it?" said the girl with the lop-sided bang, somewhat indifferently. "They ain't been botherin' me. I don't take no notice of 'em."

"You're lucky, then," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "I don't take no notice of 'em, either, but it don't seem to make no difference. There's a bunch of 'em outside the store every evenin' an' some time I'm goin' to make 'em sorry they waited."

"I wouldn't take up with any of 'em if I was you."

"Who said anythin' about takin' up with 'em?"

The girl with the lop-sided bang ignored the question. "What have they been sayin' to you?" she asked, yawning slightly.

"There was a feller starin' at me as I come out last night," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "It wasn't the first time, either, an'—"

"Maybe he was lookin' at that merry-widder o' yours," suggested the girl with the lop-sided bang.

"Don't you never think it," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace.

"It was me he was lookin' at."

"Why don't you get a veil?"

"What good would that do?"

"I think a veil's kind o' becomin' to you," said the girl with the lop-sided bang. "Anyway, you might have throwed your lunch box at him. What kind of a lookin' feller was he?"

"He was a blonde. Tall."

"Did he look as if he was just in from the country?"

"What makes you think he'd look as if he was just in from the country?"

"Some o' these jays will rubber at 'most anythin'," said the girl with the lop-sided bang. "I guess they don't mean any harm."

"You make me weary," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "Well, it wasn't no jay, thank you. He was dressed swell, too, an' he was wearin' on o' these ottermobel coats. I bet he had a machine somewheres not far off."

"Gee!" said the girl with the lop-sided bang. "Ain't that romantic! I don't see what you'd want to get mad about. Maybe he's fell in love with you. You can't never tell."

"It wouldn't do him no good if he had," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace, tossing her head.

"You couldn't blame him for lookin' if he was in love with you," urged the girl with the lop-sided bang. "He wouldn't know nothin' about Jim an' he might have thought he could get introduced to you some time. Maybe he was just lookin' hard so's he wouldn't reckernize the wrong girl when he started out to hunt for you. If he's got an ottermobel an' ain't just a shuffer you might do worse than shake Jim an' marry him. Did you say he was good lookin'?"

"You think you're a great kiddier, don't you?" said the girl with the genuine coral necklace.

"That's all right," replied the girl with the lop-sided bang. "I wouldn't get excited about it, though, if I was you. If you keep your eyes straight ahead and don't act foolish you'll never know whether anybody's lookin' at you or not. The chances is that they won't be, but if they do it won't hurt you and you won't need to do no callin' down or hollerin' for the police."

"Maybe that's so," said the girl with the genuine coral necklace. "I'm foolish, I guess; but when I get to be as old as you are I'll have more sense, likely. I s'pose I oughtn't to have said anythin' about feller's tryin' to flirt with me, but, honest, I didn't think about you bein' so sensitive."

"I'd like to know who was a-standin' behind you when you thought he was a-lookin' at you," said the girl with the lop-sided bang.—Chicago Daily News.

Mule Had a Good Memory.
"I was at Tampa when a negro teamster was instantly killed by an army mule, and it furnished a good illustration of the wonderful memory that a mule has."

"The negro teamster used to pound that mule unmercifully. Instead of using strategy and coaxing his mule into submission, he used to beat it hard enough to kill a horse. Well, for two months the teamster didn't drive that mule. But the mule never forgot him. He never made any attempt to injure his new driver, who knew enough to treat him decently. But one day the old teamster came back. The mule remembered him. He waited with as much docility and patience as an ox until he was harnessed, and then, when the old teamster was off his guard, he let fly with both heels, caught the negro in the pit of the stomach and stretched him out as dead as a hammer. The other teamster was standing right there by him, but that mule didn't make any attempt to kick him. He had just been laying for the fellow who walloped him two months before, and when he had finished him he was satisfied."—Buffalo Horse World.

When a woman wants to be in bed by 10 o'clock she should begin undressing by 9.

A really dangerous man generally tries to avoid trouble.



Handy Savings Bank.

A handy little pocket savings bank that is sure to prove popular is shown in the illustration below, the invention of an Illinois man. At one time the pocket savings bank was in great demand, but being constructed of metal, they were weighty and cumbersome in the pocket. This objection is overcome in the one shown here. Being made almost entirely of leather, with the exception of the small metal slot for the reception of the coin, they can readily be carried without inconvenience in any pocket. Being pliable and flexible, they readily conform to the shape of the pocket. The idea of the inventor is to make these pocket savings banks as cheaply as possible, so that they may be destroyed to remove the contents. A new one can then be purchased at an outlay of a few cents.

POCKET SAVINGS BANK.

Cooking in a Keg.

Wireless telegraphy is not accomplished entirely without wires, and fireless cookery is not arrived at without fire. The advantage of the latter system of cookery is that a little fire goes a great way in that operation of cooking having been started in the regulation manner either on a coal or gas stove, it is continued through the entire process to the end in the improved cooker without the further use of fire. Viands in the course of treatment are thoroughly cooked without the least danger of burning and demand no watchful care such as is required when the articles are being cooked in the regulation manner on a stove. The latest form of a fireless cooker is that of a keg, as shown herewith. The jacket of the cooker is in the same manner as the best liquor kegs of quartered white oak, with the grain running crosswise, so that they will not seep, soak or absorb. It has a steel lid or top, which is fastened



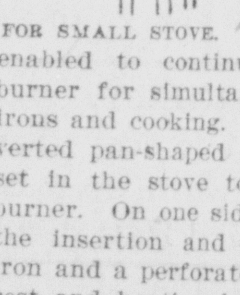
FIRELESS COOKER.

securely by a single turn of the eccentric knuckle. The cooking receptacle is arranged to rest on a steel rim, so that the can does not come in contact with the jacket, thus leaving a vacuum chamber between the outer and inner wall. This affords an insulator, and is a non-conductor of heat or cold.

The cooking in an apparatus of this kind is done by schedule. The cook knows which viands require the longest treatment, and these are subjected to the heat of the gas burner or stove for a slightly longer period than others, and the schedule tells how soon the articles will be ready to be taken from the cooker, although no harm is done by leaving them in a longer period.

Good for Small Stoves.

There has been invented recently an economical and easily utilized appliance for use in connection with small ranges or gas stoves, and especially useful for single burner gas stoves, for using the heat of the burner for cooking purposes and at the same time heating irons. With this arrangement the housekeeper is enabled to continue the use of the burner for simultaneously heating the irons and cooking. It comprises an inverted pan-shaped body adapted to be set in the stove top or over the gas burner. On one side is an opening for the insertion and withdrawal of the iron and a perforated top that forms a rest and heating base for the cooking utensil. Covering the opening is a hinged door, to prevent the heat from escaping. The irons, being encased, are heated quickly, since the heat is concentrated and maintained within the holder. To withdraw the irons conveniently, a bow-shaped wire handle is employed.



FOR SMALL STOVE.

Ms. Busyman.

"I just dropped in to kill a little time."

"Well, please drop out again. I haven't any time that needs killing."—Houston Post.

A great many victims of laziness are posing as victims of hard times.

The Fountain Head of Life Is The Stomach

A man who has a weak and impaired stomach and who does not properly digest his food will soon find that his blood has become weak and impoverished, and that his whole body is improperly and insufficiently nourished.

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY makes the stomach strong, promotes the flow of digestive juices, restores the lost appetite, makes assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver and purifies and enriches the blood. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder and restorative nerve tonic. It makes men strong in body, active in mind and cool in judgement.

This "Discovery" is a pure, glyceric extract of American medical roots, absolutely free from alcohol and all injurious, habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients are printed on its wrapper. It has no relationship with secret nostrums. Its every ingredient is endorsed by the leaders in all the schools of medicine. Don't accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this time-proven remedy of known composition. Ask your neighbors. They must know of many cures made by it during past 40 years, right in your own neighborhood. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.



O see the boy—
He suffers from a touch
Of too much turkey,
Pie and such.

TOO MUCH always
creates unpleasantness.
Right quantity—right
quality—right service at
the right time—means
satisfaction and content
always. That's the secret
of our success. Our line of

**Raymond
City Coal**

is right in every particu-
lar. Now is the right
time to try it.

Price \$3.75 per ton.

EBNER

Ice and Cold Storage Co.

BOTH PHONE NO. 4.



Until you've seen our Pianos
before buying. You'll be so
pleased with them in so many
particulars that you'll decide
then and there to buy.

Our prices on instruments
will strongly appeal to your
sense of fairness and economy.

Progressive Music Co.
107-109 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

"Will Go on Your Bond"
Will write any kind of
INSURANCE
Clark B. Davis
LOANS NOTARY

Sciarra Bros., Tailors,
For the GENTLEMEN only. Suits
made in 3 days, trousers in 48 hours.
Fit and workmanship guaranteed.
Also cleaning, pressing and remodeling
of LADIES' and GENTS' gar-
ments. 4 S. Chestnut St., Seymour.

ANNA E. CARTER
NOTARY PUBLIC
Office at the Daily REPUBLICAN
office, 108 West Second Street.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

NIGHT RIDERS INVADE STATE

Indiana Farmer Suffers From
Visitors From Over the River.

REFUSED TO POOL HIS TOBACCO

For This Rejection of Plan Offered by
Kentucky Tobacco Growers It Is
Said That the Fire Which Destroyed
Warrick County Farmer's Barn Was
Started by Someone in Sympathy
With the Designs of His Former
Neighbors on the Kentucky Side of
the River.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 2.—Night riders destroyed the barn of W. H. Gosar, in Warrick county, near here. The barn was filled with tobacco and the loss is estimated at \$3,000, with insurance of \$1,000. Mr. Gosar recently moved to Warrick county from Kentucky, and it is said while a resident of that state he had refused to pool his tobacco.

STABBED TO DEATH

Vincent Hermann Receives a Fatal
Wound Following Altercation.

Logansport, Ind., Dec. 2.—Vincent Hermann, nineteen years old, head night call boy for the Pan-Handle railroad in this city, was stabbed by Joseph Milburn, another call boy. Hermann died at St. Joseph's hospital a few hours later. The knife used by Milburn cut the jugular vein, and it was impossible for physicians to stop the flow of blood. It seems that Hermann ordered Milburn to do some work, and when the latter refused, invited him outside the Pan-Handle yard office to fight. Hermann, it is alleged, struck and knocked Milburn down and then Milburn, it is further alleged, pulled out his knife and cut Hermann's throat. Milburn is held on a charge of manslaughter.

Bride-to-Be Prostrated.

Sullivan, Ind., Dec. 2.—Miss Vera Bishop, who was to have been married this week to Melvin Tennis, who was murdered Saturday night, is prostrated by the death of her lover. She has been in a semi-conscious condition since first hearing of his death. The discovery that seventeen-year-old Tom Dunn of Jackson Hill was driving with Tennis during most of Saturday afternoon, has been the only new development in the case, which has stirred the entire county. Dunn, however, has proved beyond any question that he spent the time from about 5 o'clock Saturday night to 8 o'clock Sunday morning, with friends in Dunnville.

Woodruff Will Plead Insanity.

Brookville, Ind., Dec. 2.—The trial of the State vs. Jesse Woodruff for the murder of his wife is in progress in the circuit court here. The defense will present its case on the plea of insanity. The crime for which Woodruff is being tried was committed on Sept. 7. Neighbors heard cries for help and, calling the police, forced open the door of the Woodruff home. Mrs. Woodruff was found dead with three bullet holes through her body and her skull crushed. Near her lay the apparently lifeless body of her husband, with self-inflicted wounds, from which he recovered. The trial will last several days.

Engineer's Gruesome Discovery.

Hammond, Ind., Dec. 2.—A terrible fate befell Alfred Smith, a Pennsylvania freight brakeman, at Hobart, when he was struck by a "flyer" going at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The crew on the "flyer" did not know that anyone had been struck until the train stopped at Tolleston. There, while the engineer was oiling his engine, he found the man's head on the pilot.

Alleged Cracksmen Arraigned.

Lafayette, Ind., Dec. 2.—When Edward Morgan and Fred Kinney were brought before Judge DeHart in the circuit court on a charge of bank burglary, they pleaded not guilty. The court remanded the men to jail, and they will be tried Monday, Dec. 21. They are charged with being implicated in the Clarksville bank robbery.

Lost Life Beneath Wheels.

Goshen, Ind., Dec. 2.—Jesse Shull, twenty-two years old, who lived five miles southwest of Nappanee, returned unannounced from a visit in Michigan and learned that his wife was visiting in Bremen. He tried to catch a freight train, there being no passenger, but fell beneath the wheels and lost both legs. He died in a few minutes.

Found Bones in Ruins.

Huntington, Ind., Dec. 2.—Warren township, Huntington county, has been much exercised by the finding of bones in the ruins of a barn which burned Saturday night, believing that a tramp who lighted his pipe while in the barn, filled with thirty-five tons of hay, was cremated.

Baby Dead From Poison.

Dana, Ind., Dec. 2.—The eighteen-months-old child of Roy Maxfield and wife is dead of strychnine poisoning. The child found the poison in a sewing machine drawer and was dead before the physician arrived.

DURBIN DOESN'T WANT IT

Former Governor Not Candidate for
Party Leadership.

Indianapolis, Dec. 2.—Colonel Winfield T. Durbin of Anderson is not a candidate for the chairmanship of the Republican state committee, nor will he be. He is rather inclined to be nettled by the reports that he wants the place. "You can say for me positively that I am not a candidate for the state chairmanship," said Colonel Durbin. "I don't want the place and would not take it. No one has had any authority to say that I wanted it or would be a candidate. I intend to give my time to business from now on, as I have devoted enough to politics." His determination not to be a candidate will have an important bearing on the plans of the various factions for reorganizing the committee. He is regarded as a past master at organization building and many politicians say that he is the logical man to lead the party out of the wilderness into which it was cast by its recent overwhelming defeat. Colonel Durbin, however, is determined to retire from the political game. It is said that he feels that he has achieved all the glory and honor there is in it for him and that he ought to give his attention to his business interests.

Auditor Billheimer has completed the enumeration of voters for 1909, on which the legislature must base its legislative and congressional apportionments, if such apportionments are made. The changes in population in the state have been such that reapportionments are due, but politicians regard it as altogether unlikely that any will be made. The fact that the senate is Republican and the house Democratic explains this. An apportionment act must take the same course as any other act of the legislature and it is not believed that any program of reapportionment can be arranged that will meet the approval of both houses. The total vote of the state is shown to be 745,227, of which 17,065 is colored. Several of the congressional districts, as at present organized, will be far short of the average of 57,325, and will be subject to redistricting, of course, if the legislature succeeds in reaching a program satisfactory to both houses. The First district has 50,972 voters; the Second, 54,935; the Third, 45,047; the Fourth, 47,445; the Fifth, 63,714; the Sixth, 56,671; the Eighth, 60,773; the Ninth, 55,756; the Tenth, 67,507; the Eleventh, 56,496; the Twelfth, 52,003; the Thirteenth, 61,102. Several districts show a slight falling off in the number of voters. The gain of 8,000 in the Fifth is the largest, aside from the Seventh.

J. W. Wood, Democrat, of Evansville, was elected chairman of the Indiana railroad commission, succeeding Union Banner Hunt, Republican, who resigned two weeks ago. Judge J. F. McClure of Anderson, successor to Hunt, took his oath of office. Wood has served on the commission since its organization. He left here last night for Chicago to attend a meeting of railroad commissions of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and other states. The Indiana commission will sit at South Bend, Friday, to hear testimony in the suit instituted by the manufacturers of South Bend and Mishawaka for a reduction in freight rates on coal.

KEEFE SUCCEEDS SARGENT

Prominent Laborite Given Immigration
Berth by President.

Washington, Dec. 2.—President Roosevelt has appointed Daniel J. Keefe of Detroit commissioner general of immigration to fill the place made vacant by the death of Frank P. Sargent.

GIVEN AWAY

THIS WEEK

\$3.00 in Jewelry, Silverware, Cut Glass

We will give free this week \$3.00 worth of any of our Jewelry, Silverware or Cut Glass as may be selected, to the person who this week writes for us the best four-line stanza of poetry, advertising our store and our Holiday Goods. We have the finest line we have ever carried and at prices that will please you. We know you will say so too when you look at them. The following are the conditions:

1. Each stanza must consist of four lines, advertising our line of holiday goods.
2. No person can submit more than one stanza. Each contribution will be numbered when submitted and a record of the numbers kept. The judges will award the prize by number only.
3. The best stanzas will be published each evening without the names of the authors.
4. On Saturday evening the stanza awarded the prize will be published and the name of the person awarded the prize.
5. All stanzas must be delivered, at our store, between now and 12 o'clock noon on Friday, December 4.
6. The award will be made by three disinterested judges: C. D. Billings, Dr. H. R. Luckey and E. A. Remy.

STRATTON THE JEWELER

16 S. Chestnut Street, SEYMOUR, INDIANA

MARKET QUOTATIONS

Prevailing Current Prices for Grain
and Livestock.

Indianapolis Grain and Livestock.
Wheat—Wagon, \$1.03; No. 2 red, \$1.05½. Corn—No. 2, 62c. Oats—No. 2 mixed, 49½c. Hay—Clover, \$10.00@11.00; timothy, \$12.50@13.50; mixed, \$11.00@11.50. Cattle—\$3.50@7.00. Hogs—\$4.00@6.15. Sheep—\$2.50@4.00. Lambs—\$3.00@6.00. Receipts—11,500 hogs; 1,300 cattle; 250 sheep. More than enough horses to meet all requirements and prices were no better than last week.

At Cincinnati.
Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.08. Corn—No. 2, 65c. Oats—No. 2, 52c. Cattle—\$2.25@5.75. Hogs—\$3.35@6.10. Sheep—\$1.00@3.50. Lambs—\$3.00@5.50.

At Chicago.
Wheat—No. 2 red, \$1.07. Corn—No. 3, 61c. Oats—No. 2, 49½c. Cattle—Steers, \$4.60@8.00; stockers and feeders, \$2.50@4.85. Hogs—\$5.30@6.05. Sheep—\$4.00@4.75. Lambs—\$4.75@6.90.

Livestock at New York.
Cattle—\$2.50@6.85. Hogs—\$5.00@6.10. Sheep—\$2.25@4.00. Lambs—\$4.50@7.25.

At East Buffalo.
Receipts not large enough to make a market.

Where Bullets Flew.

David Parker of Fayette, N. Y., a veteran of the Civil war who lost a foot at Gettysburg, says: "The good Electric Bitters have done is worth more than five hundred dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, to little purpose. I then tried Electric Bitters, and they cured me. I now take them as a tonic, and they kept me strong and well." 50c at W. F. Peters drug store.

COAL AND Kindling

H. F. WHITE

Phone No. 1.

**Coal at \$2.70
PER TON.**

Island City Pure Lump Coal, best in the state and as good as comes to Seymour, excepting none, at \$2.70 per ton delivered. You can leave your order at Dr. Sherwood's office or Telephone Number 499, or with me.

MIKE QUINN.

BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow
Baths for all kinds of
Lung Trouble.
AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

Suits, Coats, Furs, Skirts and Millinery greatly reduced.

We are overstocked on all Winter Garments. The backward season forces us not to wait until after the Holidays to reduce our surplus stock, we must do it now. Tomorrow we start the cutting of prices.

TWO LOTS OF SUITS.

Lot No. 1 at.....\$10.00
Lot No. 2 at.....\$15.00
All this season's styles. Some sold at double the price.

SKIRTS.

12 50 and 15.00 Voile Skirts at.....\$10.00
10.00 Panama Skirts at.....\$7.95
8.50 Panama Skirts at.....\$6.95
6.98 and 7.50 Skirts at.....\$5.00

COATS.

35.00 Broadcloth Coats at.....\$25.00
25.00 Broadcloth Coats at.....\$18.50
20.00 Broadcloth Coats at.....\$15.00
12 50 and 15.00 Coats at.....\$10.00
10.00 Coats at.....\$7.95
6.98 Coats at.....\$5.00

FURS.

So far this season the warm weather has killed the fur business. Hence the necessity of price cutting on all Fur Sets, separate Scarfs and Muffs.

MILLINERY.

Prices have been slashed to less than half. Choice of all untrimmed Shapes worth up to \$3.50—95 cents. Our entire stock of trimmed Hats divided into 4 lots.

95 cents	\$1.95	\$2.95	\$3.95
Choice worth up to 2.50.	Choice worth up to 4.00.	Choice worth up to 6.50.	Choice of all pattern Hats worth up to \$10

BABY CAPS MARKED DOWN.

The Gold Mine Department Store

Royal Silk Plush Underwear

Warmth Without Weight
Four Colors

\$3.00 the Suit.

Munsing's Union Suits

FIVE GRADES

\$1.00 to \$3.00 the Suit.

Eighteen Other Styles Underwear

50c to \$2.00 the Garment

The Hub

For Sale

\$2000.00 this beautiful home, 8 rooms, 4 closets, hall, gas in every room, summer kitchen, cellar, well cistern, lot 50x120, fruit and sheds and henery.

\$1500.00 this residence, lot 57x157 good location, 4 rooms and summer kitchen, sheds, McCann well, good corner lot.

\$2750.00 for this elegant residence, lot 50x150, bath room, concrete walks, furnace, cellar, sewer, barn, 6 rooms.

\$1200.00 for this fine new home, fine shade, concrete walks, well, 5 rooms, front and rear porch. Also cheaper and higher priced city property.

GEO. SCHAEFER,

Real Estate and
General Insurance
First National Bank Bldg. Seymour.



A Woman of Beauty and Elegance is the one who doesn't allow defective teeth to mar her beauty or her appearance of refinement. A woman who would be attractive and possess a charm of elegance has her teeth regularly attended by a first class dentist, who can remedy all defects by crown or bridge work, and everything pertaining to scientific surgical dentistry at

Dr. B. S. Shinness.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions
A Specialty

**GEORGE F. MEYER'S
DRUG STORE**

**Robert H. Hall
ARCHITECT**

725 N. Ewing St., Seymour, Ind.

**T. M. JACKSON,
Jeweler & Optician**

104 W. SECOND ST.

WANT ADVERTISING

FOR SALE—Female bird dog. Dr. B. S. Shinness. n28dtf

FOR SALE—Good reliable horse, cheap. Inquire here. d5d&w

WANTED—Good second hand desk or writing table. Hadley Poultry Co.

FOR SALE—Trunk and suit case, cheap. Corner Second and Broadway.

FOR SALE—Goose and duck feathers. Hadley Poultry Co. d17watfd

FOR SALE—Horse, phaeton, spring-wagon and set of harness. Robert W. Irwin. d7d

HOUSE FOR RENT—Two story 5 room house on east Sixth street. New paper and painting throughout, summer kitchen, fine cellar, large barn, chicken house and all other out buildings in first class order. See W. L. Johnson at the Hub. n27tf

FOR SALE BY OWNER—Six room, two story frame dwelling house with barn, situated at 320 West Second street, with large lot extending from Second to Third streets. For particulars, write Mahlon E. Wilson, 416 Herald Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah. d12w&s

Weather Indications.

Fair tonight and Thursday rising temperature Thursday.

Seymour Temperatures.

The following are the maximum and minimum temperatures as shown by the government thermometers at the Seymour volunteer weather observation station and reported by J. Robert Blair, observer. The figures are for twenty-four hours ending at noon:

	MAX	MIN
December 2, 1908,	60	11

Mrs. H. C. Montgomery has been quite sick the past two or three days.

Rheumatism

I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this terrible disease. In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

**Dr. Shoop's
Rheumatic Remedy**
A. J. PELLANS.

Harmony Hall,

The New Music Store.

Displaying a full line of Musical Instruments, Pianos, String Instruments, Phonographs, Records, Sheet Music, Post Cards, Albums, Burnt Wood, Art Novelties, Solid and Hammered Brass, Arts and Crafts Ware, Arts and Crafts Jewelry, Pompeian Ware, Stationery and all kinds of Musical Supplies. Call and see the handsome line of Hand Painted Chitra on display. Have you seen "The Flyers." Call and let us tell you about it.

Weithoff & Kernan.

Cor. St. Louis Ave. and Chestnut St.

PERSONAL.

Lon Pruitt was at Brownstown this forenoon.

Geo. W. Owens, of Medora, was here this morning.

C. M. McMullen, of Aurora, was here this afternoon.

O. M. Foster of Beech Grove was in town this morning.

F. V. Carmichael, of Bloomington, was here this afternoon.

C. J. Attkisson made a business trip to Brownstown today.

Mrs. Oscar Brooke was here from Brownstown this morning.

Wm. Etzler, a mule buyer of Salem, was in Seymour this morning.

Dr. Osterman returned on No. 4 this morning from a trip west of here.

W. L. Marshall returned to his home at Brownstown this morning.

Ben Garrison is doing some repair work on one of the churches at Crothersville.

Rev. G. M. Shotts preached at the Christian church in East Columbus Monday evening.

Arthur Newby, the dairyman, was at Crothersville Tuesday on business with Clyde W. Keach.

G. H. Anderson was called to Sardinia this afternoon on account of the serious illness of his sister.

Mrs. Oscar Carter went to Brownstown this morning being on the Farmers Institute program today.

Mrs. Rosa Weddell returned today from Cincinnati, Miami, Ohio, and Muncie where she spent the past month.

Joe Schmidt and Clarence Valentine, of Franklin, were here this morning on their way to Jennings County on a hunting expedition.

Ed Miller and G. C. Borchering attended the farmers' institute at Uniontown Tuesday and report a splendid meeting, a good crowd and a big dinner.

Will Miller probably started today from Jerome, Arizona, to join his family who have been the guests of D. M. Hays and family and other relatives for several weeks.

F. H. Poe, of Shelbyville, who run a shooting gallery here for several weeks two years ago, was in the city a few hours today looking for a location and may return here for a few weeks.

John H. Whitson, after spending a few days here with relatives and friends has gone to Salem to look after some business. In a few days he and his daughter will return to their home in Boston.

Rather Cool.

This was about the coolest morning of the season so far, the mercury going down to 11 degrees above freezing. The forecast is for rising temperature tomorrow.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Fort Wayne Negro Killed Woman, Then Ended His Own Life.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 1.—R. J. Bymen shot and killed Mrs. Myrtle Evans, and then turned his revolver on himself, inflicting a wound that proved fatal in a few minutes, last night. Both were negroes. Bymen was in love with the woman. She rejected his advances, and at a dance Thanksgiving night she called her husband and others to protect her from him, saying he was armed and was threatening to kill her. Last night he met her near the Pennsylvania station and after she had refused to accompany him to a place he designated, he shot her and then killed himself. Bymen and Mrs. Evans were about thirty years of age.

Advertised Letters

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Seymour and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

LADIES.

Miss Lolla Banks.
Miss Ruby Pickett.

GENTS.

John Bajorek.
Mr. E. D. Emery.
T. J. Kern.
Mr. Sam Lucas.
Mr. J. R. Stewart.
WM. P. MASTERS, P. M.
Seymour, Ind., Nov. 30, 1908.

ENVELOPES—Another case of our popular Hoosier XXX Envelopes for business use just received. They are the best envelope on the market for the money. 1000, \$2.00; 2000, \$3.50; 3000, \$5.00; 5000, \$7.50. Reorders are numerous for these envelopes. That indicates their merit. THE DAILY REPUBLICAN. d3d

"Do you ever do anything to help your wife with her household tasks?" "Sure I do. I light the fire every morning." "Ah! And do you carry the coal up?" "N-no. We cook with electricity."—Cleveland Leader.

J. M. Hamer put his third coal wagon into service yesterday which shows this business is still increasing. He is building up a good trade in this line.

Miss Lillie Kurtz, of Crothersville, has purchased a fine Lagonda Piano of the Vaude Walle Music Co.

Seymour Dry Goods Co.



Here we have the fashion elect for fall and winter. Coats and Suits of the most approved design, garments of every new and worthy material, plain tailored models of natty build, fancy trimmed styles rather dress-makerish. Coats the severe long loose model of semi-fitting slim hip style, and the best of all the famous YANKEE PRINTZESS and Wooltex makes. Tailored Skirts and Shirt Waists. Come and see, buy what pleases you.

CLAYPOOL & FRY

SUCCESSORS TO L. F. MILLER & CO.



BURGLARS GET \$5,000.

They Blow Bank Safe at Port Byron and Escape on Handcar.

Port Byron, Ill., Dec. 2.—Burglars blew open the vault of the State Bank and escaped on a handcar with nearly \$5,000 in cash. A few residents were aroused by a muffled explosion, but paid no attention to it, and the burglary was not discovered until the bank was opened for the day's business.

Held for Postoffice Robberies.

Hot Springs, Ark., Dec. 2.—Judge Evans refused a habeas corpus petition filed in behalf of Joe McCarthy, alias "Big Mack," and William Strong, alias "Yegg Billie," captured here by a posse of postoffice inspectors and secret service men, and charged with various postoffice robberies in Indiana, Illinois and Arkansas during the past three years, and the prisoners were taken to Danville, Ill., today.

Brakeman Shoots Wealthy Farmer.

Mattoon, Ill., Dec. 2.—Roy Holmes a Clover Leaf railway brakeman, shot fatally injured Arthur Cox, a wealthy farmer of Mode, west of this city. The trouble started two years ago, when, it is alleged, Cox knocked down Miss Minnie Gallagher, now Holmes's wife, in a dispute at a grocery store, where Miss Gallagher was a clerk. Holmes has been arrested.

REPUBLICAN Want Ads. Pay.

Caught It in Time.

San Salvador, Dec. 2.—A plot to overthrow the government of President Figueroa was discovered and frustrated yesterday. Martial law has been proclaimed. The revolutionary movement, which was started in the department of Sonsonate was crushed immediately. Many persons well known in political circles opposed to the government were implicated and have been imprisoned. Tranquility now prevails throughout the country.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by all druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NOTICE

I have a beautiful 9 room, 2 story house for sale or trade for small rentals. A fine home, well located.

E. C. Bollinger, Agt. Phones 15, 186

CONGDON & DURHAM,

Fire, Tornado, Liability,
Accident and Sick Benefit
INSURANCE
Real Estate, Rental Agency
Prompt Attention to All Business

Shoe Repairer

P. COLABUONO,

Ladies' and Gents' Shoemaker. Boot and shoe repairing while you wait. Fine work given special attention. 129 S. Chestnut St., Sprenger Bldg.

Ladies and Gentlemen

Take your old clothes to THE SEYMOUR TAILORS And have them put in first class wearing condition. NORTH CHESTNUT STREET Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK
Piano Teacher,
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

LEWIS & SWAILS
LAWYERS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY
IN THE
Queen Insurance Co.
Assets \$6,844,559.94
GEO. SCHAEFER, Agent. 1st Nat. Bank Building.

EXPERT
PIANO TUNING
GUARANTEED
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APOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

For Little Men

We are showing all the season's best style in Boys' Overcoats and Suits. We have many natty designs for the Little Fellows.

CAPS

Many pretty things in Hats and Caps to match Overcoat or Suit

BLACK CAT STOCKINGS

For Boys and Girls—They are the Stockings that give the service. Triple knee, double heel and toe. Try them



Thomas Clothing Co.

The poorer a man is the more he fears an income tax.

Don't worry about the weather, if it doesn't exactly suit you. You are not to blame for it.

We are worried about where they are going to put the gasoline stations for these new air machines.

Men will have to buy the dominion of the air with blood. That was how the land was won and the sea.

"Umbrellas were introduced in 1772." We suppose they began to disappear singly about the same time.

A bronze statue of Washington has been thrown into the lake at Lugano, Switzerland. Gee, Washington!

Esperanto, of course, is not a dead or even a dying language. Its "rattling in the throat" is an auricular delusion.

No one objects to the director's gown, provided it does not look as if the lower part of it had caught on a nail.

"Women are such liars," says a St. Louis woman. Before saying that the average man would think twice and then not say it.

It is hard to tell which tastes better, the first piece of flaky, juicy, spicy, raisin mince pie in the fall, or the first cucumber in the spring.

The old saying that a miss is as good as a mile needs revision. In Western Nebraska lives a man who travels ten miles every night to see his fiancée.

An English inventor has a scheme for saving the workhorses a lot of labor. The best way to help the workhorses would be to invent humane drivers.

If paper can be made from cornstalks, why cannot some use be made of the autumn leaves that you patiently rake from your lawn and burn in the street?

Of course plants are capable of feelings. Hasn't the corn ears to hear and the potatoes eyes to see. Haven't you heard the trees moan and seen the rose blush?

Now that the North Cape's cliffs have been desecrated by the brushes of the advertising painters, we almost wish that Peary would never give them a chance at the North Pole.

It appears to be a neck-and-neck race between the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon to see which will get here first. Fortunately the science of flying has advanced so far that it is not the neck of the operator we are talking about.

Perhaps the day will come when the world can do without the doctors, reaching that state of wisdom when it will not contract disease. If such a golden age arrives on earth, surely one of its inspiring traditions will be the lives of the physicians who did so much for humanity in these less happy times.

The dime novel still has its victims. Two Chicago boys, one 13 years old, the other 16, were recently convicted of having bound and cruelly tortured two smaller boys, in imitation of some Indians they had been reading about. The fine of one hundred dollars imposed by the judge upon the older boy will, of course, fall upon the boy's father, and to some persons may seem an injustice; but it ought to serve as a reminder to parents that they are responsible for what their children read.

One great difficulty in trade schools and industrial training is to maintain practical relations between class work and actual industry. In the University of Cincinnati students spend alternate weeks in the school room and the shops of neighboring manufacturing plants. The students are paid a moderate wage for their shop work. Similar co-operation is to be tried in Fitchburg, Mass., between the high school and the local metal workers. The advantage of the plan is twofold. Since the boys can earn a little while they are in school, they are less likely to feel that their years in the high school are delaying their entrance into bread-winning occupations.

Somewhere out in the country these frosty mornings, a boy is warming his bare feet in the spots where the cattle lay during the night. He is a boy with hopes and aspirations, and he is dreaming of the future. He is blithe, but he does not appreciate the sweet pleasures of the simple life which are his. He cannot know that in town there are thousands of men who are thrilled with the memory of the frosty mornings when they stood in the warm spots of the pasture field, as he is doing, and dreamed, as he is dreaming. They are men who have met with more or less success; they are accounted among those who have accomplished a purpose, and yet they would give a great deal of what success has come to them to be again a barefoot boy on these crisp, frosty mornings. How many of us can recall the warm spots of boyhood and look back on the purple mornings of our hopes and aspirations without a sigh for another taste of the

sweet simplicities of life? In those days the world, from our circumscribed surroundings, looked so big and grand that the simple little things were forgotten during the mind's efforts to grasp the incomprehensible, which lay just beyond reach; and we imagine we could do much better and get more joy out of life if we had all of our frosty mornings to live over. But could we? Nature does not change. Boys grow into men and men change, but the simple joys of the woods and fields, the hills and valleys, the trees and flowers, live on from year to year. We see the warm spots of the frosty mornings of 'way back yonder, preserved and sweetened by memory, and grow unmindful of the fact that Nature's fascinating pleasures are inexhaustible, if we but keep our hearts in tune.

Who can estimate what the world owes to those who, according to the ordinary modern standard of success, have failed? Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin, didn't make a cent out of his idea. Trevethick, who invented the first steam locomotive, paved the way to Stephenson's success, but himself died in poverty. Koenig, who invented the steam printing press, died a poor machinist, working for a few dollars a week. Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, was still a mill hand when his machine was putting millions in the pockets of other men. Jacquard, the inventor of the famous loom, might have become a multimillionaire, but he generously gave his invention to the French government and lived on a pension of \$1,000 a year. Who can compute the debt of civilization to the men and women who, in their efforts to make the world a little brighter, a little better place to live in, have neglected to make money? When the true story of human life comes to be summed up, the name of many a servant will be above that of his master. Many an arrogant millionaire will be amazed to learn that some hard-working and underpaid clerk built up and maintained the system that amassed the millions. The boy who cheerfully remains on the farm and sacrifices his own ambitions that a brother may go through college and become a splendid figure, is not to be counted a failure, but a truer success than the favored brother himself, whatever the heights of glory to which he may attain. Truest success is measured not by money, nor by glory, but by genuine, though humble, service to the human brotherhood. Gibbon, the historian, tells of a private soldier who, when Galerius sacked the camp of the Persians, found a shining leather bag filled with pearls, and "carefully preserved the bag, but threw away the contents." This foolish soldier has his million-fold counterpart to-day in those who clutch the shining bag of wealth, but neglect the precious qualities of high manhood and the multifarious opportunities for usefulness to their fellows.

FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

One of the salient characters mentioned in the Rev. Dr. Richard McIlwaine's recent book, "Three Score Years and Ten," is a venerable Methodist minister, Rev. Jesse Powers, whose mind, Doctor McIlwaine says, was always intent on doing something to bless and help somebody. He was a man of exact veracity, also, but his somewhat merciless candor was agreeably tempered by humor.

The old preacher once spent the night at the house of a prominent Methodist not far from Amelia Court House, Virginia, where he had often been welcomed before. The next morning at breakfast it developed that the bread was sour, perhaps not enough to be remarked upon, but still sour. He was engaged in eating it, when the worthy lady at the head of the table called attention to the disagreeable fact.

Brother Powers said nothing, but continued to satisfy his hunger with what was "set before him, asking no questions." His hostess, however, not to be thwarted in her efforts to wring from her guest the admission that the bread was not very bad, repeated the remark.

This also failed to elicit the longed-for response. Brother Powers kept his eyes on his plate, and went ahead eating more lustily than ever, in a quinary, doubtless, not knowing what to say, and resolved he would not tell a lie.

But the good woman, not satisfied, and with a fatality that sometimes overtakes the wariest of the sex, was so left to herself as to apologize for the third time.

This, Doctor McIlwaine says, "was too much for the old saint." Turning his benevolent face toward the head of the table, he said, gently:

"Sister Dash, if I were you, I'd stop talking about this bread. It is mean enough, anyway."

Mistake Somewhere.
St. Haymow—I heard daouwn to th' store 'at young Jinkins is sick outen Arizona.

Mrs. Haymow—What seems to be all in him?

St. Haymow—Locomotor ataxey, eh sumpin' like thet.

Mrs. Haymow—That kain't be, St. 'cause he's livin' forty miles from enny railroad.—Toledo Blade.

Used to It.
The Caddy (as the colonel misses the ball for the sixth time)—Go on, mister. Say it. Don't mind me. I've been in the business for three years now.—The Sketch.

GOOD ROADS

Good Roads Our Great Need.

Measured by its influence on both the lives and pocketbooks of our citizens, no question will rank with that of good roads. We mean smooth, hard roads that are good every day in the year. Such roads mean better citizens, better schools, increased value of farms, more social life, checking of the drift of young men and women to the cities, less work and more pleasure and a larger profit in farming.

No other single factor exerts a greater and more beneficent influence than good roads. They make long dreary miles short pleasant ones. In view of this we may ask why after 150 years of settlement in this country, less than 8 per cent of the highways are improved? Why is the showing so poor? It is because we have been trying to untangle and straighten out the road question by pulling at the wrong string.

From our great-grandfathers' time down, nearly everybody has considered the country roads as a local matter—that the farmer was the one especially interested in them and that it was up to him to build and repair them.

A few years ago a Jersey man discovered that the roads were public property, that they were really a part of a country wide system of distribution and that over them passes the food supply of nearly 150 millions of people at home and abroad. That when the roads are bad it increased the cost of delivery and diminished the quantity, making a short market supply. Upon the food supply alone, bad roads increase the cost of living at least \$4 per year for every person in the land. Thus it will appear that the road conditions affect everybody.

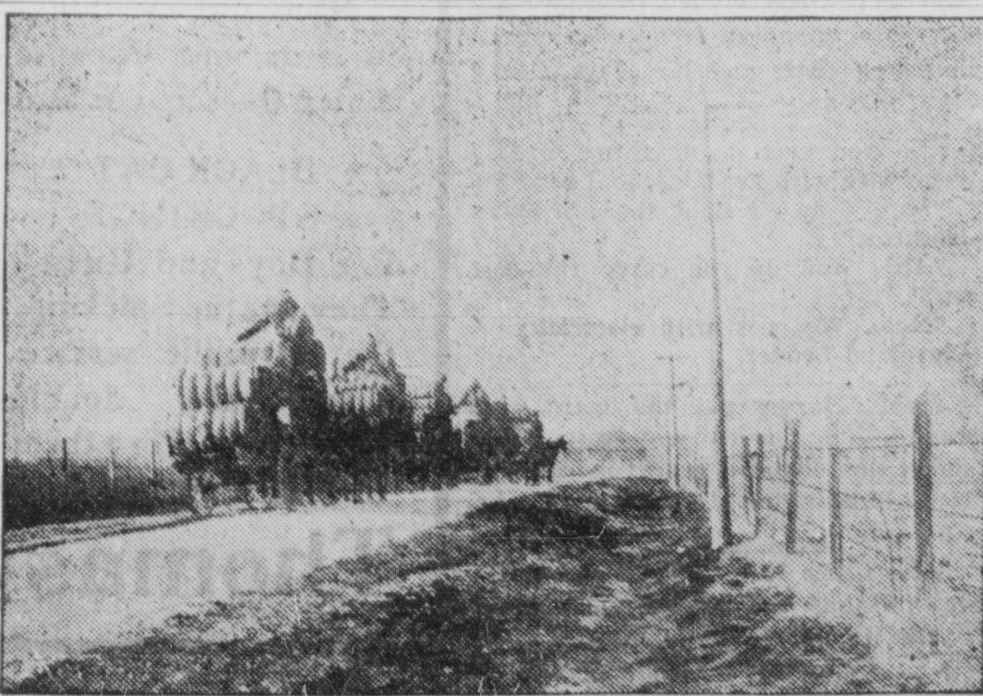


MACADAM ROAD, BUILT IN 1899, IN NORTH HAVEN.

If the nation, States and townships would join and in ten years build a million miles of roads and pay for them in twenty years, the cost would not exceed \$1 per person per year. The saving alone would pay for the roads four or five times over, to say nothing of the greater benefits to social and educational life.

If the roads are public property, why should the burden of road taxing rest wholly on the farmers? Why not let everyone contribute in some fair way as he is benefited? The Jersey man answered this question by working out a State aid plan whereby a portion of expense of building and maintaining roads is charged against all the property of all the public. This plan was violently opposed at first, especially by the farmers, but after it had been in operation two or three years, it became exceedingly popular and the farmers were found to be its greatest friends. The plan spread to other States, until now sixteen States are building roads upon the State aid plan, and a half-dozen more are taking the necessary preliminary steps to do so.

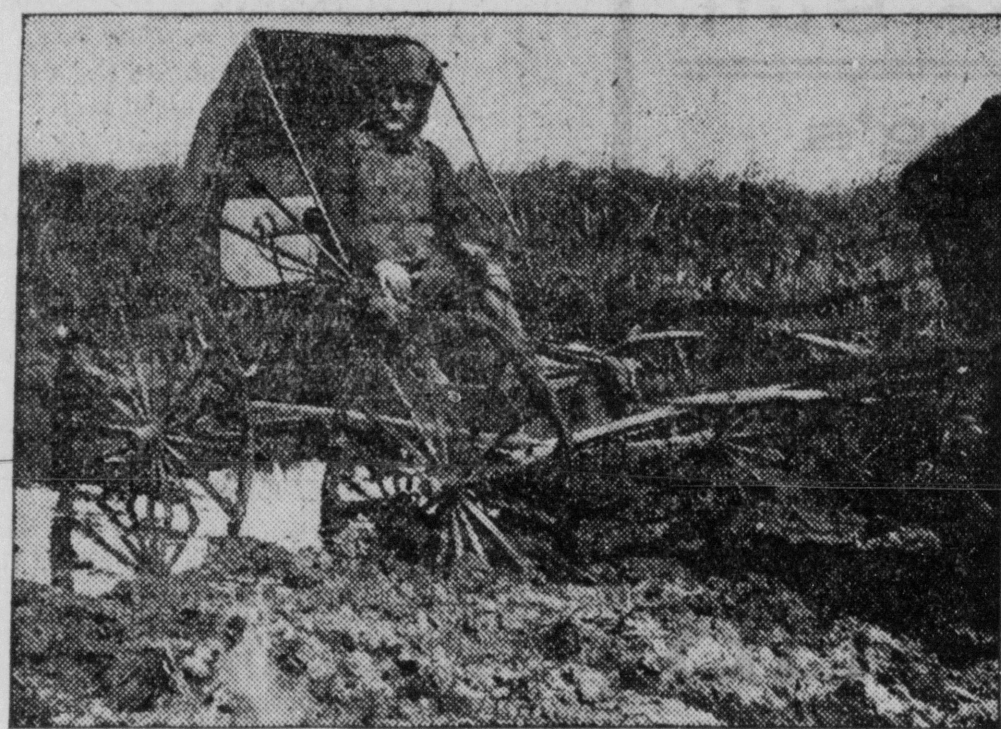
Let us illustrate what State aid would do in one of the richest and otherwise most progressive States in the Union—Illinois—a State without a bonded debt, and with almost unlimited resources, and yet one of the most backward States in all the Union in the care of its highways. There are few States in the Union and none in the West where the farmer would benefit so largely by State aid as in this prairie State. In Illinois, farm lands pay only 30 per cent of the State taxes, while the city of Chicago alone pays 42 per cent; practically two-thirds of the property of the State is exempt



A GOOD ROAD IN JACKSON, TENN.

from road taxes, and the money that is raised is largely wasted by unskilled and misdirected efforts.

If the State of Illinois were to pass the State aid law, by which the State and the township were to raise five millions a year for a period of ten years, expending same in permanent improvements upon the highways under State aid, the aggregate tax upon farm lands for the ten years would not exceed 10 cents per acre per year, or \$1 per acre for the whole period. The building of these roads would add at least \$10 actual value per acre to the



AN UNIMPROVED ROAD IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

farms. Fifty million dollars would gravel or macadamize over 40 per cent of the roads in the State, covering every main highway and connecting every community with its market town and its county seat. The changed condition brought about by the fifty million dollars expended would be worth 500 million to the State.

Look at the illustrations that accom-

time. A hard road is made better by the rain.

Progress of Good Roads.

New Jersey is far in advance of any State in the actual work of road construction. The law there places one-third of the cost on the State, one-tenth on the abutting land-owners, and the remainder on the county, which is an equitable distribution of the burdens of construction and maintenance. The substitution of solidly built roads for dirt roads soon affects a transformation in the region through which it passes, and even the old topography

seems to vanish. Improved accessibility tells upon every farm and adds to its value. Time and money, which are always equivalent, are saved to the farmer and to all whose business it is to communicate with him. Economy is consulted as well as convenience. So far as improved laws have taken shape in this country, the French idea is recognized that the State should bear a considerable share of the cost of constructing main thoroughfares, and French rural prosperity can be traced in no small degree to the country's excellent public roads. Now that the rural inhabitant of this country is expected to bear but a comparatively small portion of the expense of good roads, his disposition toward the movement is, quite naturally, changing in its favor. With a dozen or more States already engaged in the reform, the rapid extension of well-made permanent public highways is assured.

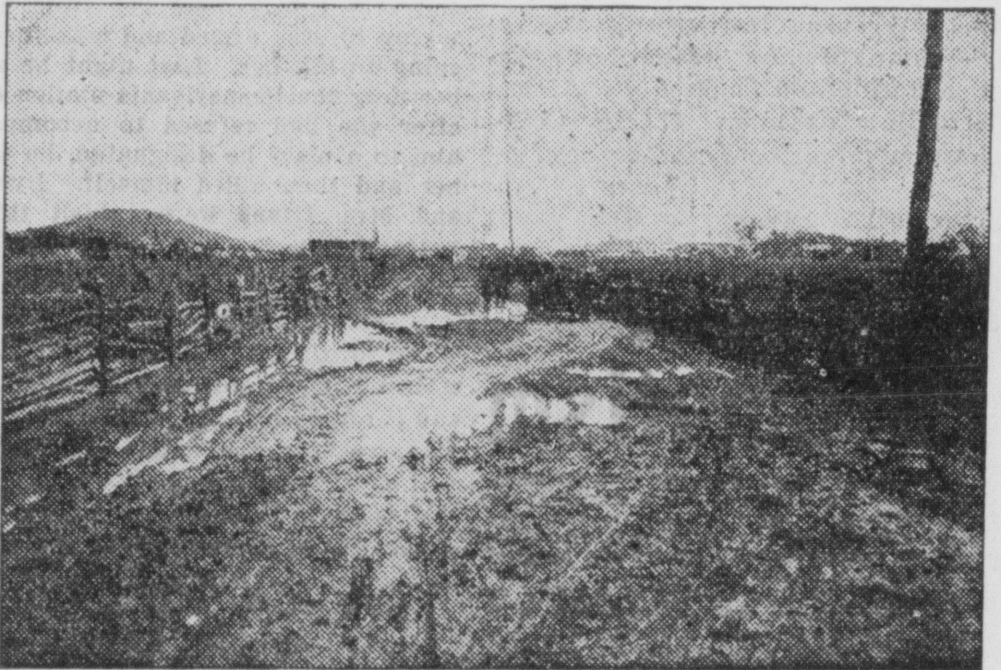
A "Function."

It would spoil a good story to suggest that the young woman of whom a Kansas paper tells may have had a sense of humor. In the absence of the regular reporter, the editor sent the young woman who writes the society news to report a fire in a remote part of the city. This is what the young woman turned in:

Quite a number of people in this part of the city attended a fire last night at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Blank in Thirteenth street. Some, it is said, went in carriages and bugles, but a majority walked.

The alarm was sounded about half past nine, and many who attended the fire had just returned from church, consequently they were already dressed for the occasion.

Mr. Blank was not at home, being out of the city on business, hence the affair will be a surprise to him when he returns. Mrs. Blank wore a light



A JOHNSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, ROAD.

will pay us larger returns or so certain a one as money properly expended in building permanent roads.

A rain storm makes the earth road bad, and sometimes almost impassable for a time; mud in the summer, ruts in the winter, and mire in the spring.

percale kimono and had her hair done up in kid curls.

The firemen responded readily and worked heroically to subdue the flames. Most of them were young and fairly good looking. They were dressed in oilcloth coats, cut short, with trousers to match. Their hat brims were narrow in front and broad behind and drooped in the rear. The chief's hat was ornamented with an octagonal brass spike which stuck up above his head like a horn, giving him the appearance of a unicorn.

When the flames broke out through the second story and cast a lurid hue over the surrounding buildings, the view was one never to be forgotten.

At a late hour the sightseers went home, and all felt they had passed an evening full of interest and excitement.

Stuck.

"How did he come out of that glue factory?"

"He didn't come out. He stayed in and got stuck."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who called the children's crying "bawling?"

FACTS IN TABLOID FORM.

The Maoris of New Zealand number 42,000.

The United States produces more corn than all the rest of the world.

The giant bees of India build honeycombs as high as eighteen feet.

In point of area, New Orleans is the second largest city in this country.

The revenue from the Swiss alcohol monopoly since 1877, the date of its establishment, has been \$24,059,187.

The uses of the metric system of weights and measures will be compulsory in the Philippines after the first of next year.

Genuine ruby glass owes its color to the presence of particles of gold too small to be seen without the aid of the strongest microscope.

Government scientists who have been measuring them say raindrops vary in size from the merest speck of water to two inches in diameter.

Under exceptionally good conditions of weather and clouds, vessels of the navy have exchanged searchlight signals at a distance of sixty-five miles.

Japan gets a better price for its exported home-grown rice than it pays for the large quantity imported from China and home consumed. That's a Japanese way of making money.

M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, is a martyr to indigestion and has been a regular visitor to Carlsbad for twenty years, finding it easier to direct a government than a stomach.

Japanese army officer students are allowed \$1.150 a year while learning the English language. Others get from \$1,000 to \$1,900 a year while learning Russian, \$1,050 for French, \$950 for German and \$700 for Chinese.

Japan's whaling industry has developed almost entirely since the late war. Last year the twenty steamers got 806 whales (against 268 in 1906), of which 400 were caught in Korean waters. The industry is persistently followed all through the year.

Doors that swing of themselves are the latest. At the Hotel Astor the attendant who stands at the main entrance merely has to press a bulb and the door, which is operated by electricity, revolves. This plan has the advantage of keeping the speed uniform.—New York Sun.

A train was recently stopped in Nevada by a meteor, the light from which was mistaken by the engineer for a signal of some sort. The meteor, which, says Popular Mechanics, was described by the engineer and passengers as being as big as a house, crossed the tracks just ahead of the train with a brilliant, dazzling light that blinded the eyes for a number of seconds.

Before the Russian war the street railway system of Tokio was less than one mile in length. Now the mileage is one hundred miles, with a revenue last year of \$775,000. At the end of the franchise—fifty years—all the system is to pass to the municipality of Tokio on liberal terms. From the company the company has paid good dividends regularly. Already the municipality thinks of buying the property for \$40,000,000.

The Society of German Engineers at its annual convention held in Dresden, empowered its officers to negotiate with representatives of the Prussian State government, as well as the government of the German federation, to make arrangements for the bringing out of the Technolexikon, which the society was forced to give up about a year ago, on account of the great scope of the work, involving expenditures greater than the society thought it could consistently make.

Mrs. Duguid had been paying a charitable visit to poor old Victorine Dupreux, whom she found crippled with rheumatism. "Mercy!" at last cried Mrs. Duguid, glancing at the clock that ticked wheezily above the Frenchwoman's stove, "Here it is 5 o'clock and I should have gone home half an hour ago!" "Geeve yourself no distress, madame," reassured Victorine. "Mon-sieur dose clock, she es tole lie hon herself for more zan seex year. She ess now to a preciseness one hour fast an' fifteen minutes slow."

In a paper presented to the British Association by Mr. Makower, Miss White and Mr. Marsden, at its recent meeting, an account is given of some novel experiments made at the Manchester University kite station, Glossop, in which a kite was connected to a galvanometer by a wire, and then to the earth. Owing to the upper layers of the atmosphere being at a higher electrical potential than the earth, a current flowed down the wire to the earth. The current varied between 5 and 23 one hundred thousandth part of an ampere.

Consul-General George E. Anderson writes that the Brazilian State of Rio de Janeiro is preparing for the reception of 500 Japanese families per annum as immigrants, under an arrangement with the Japanese government and emigration companies. The state is to sell to these immigrants lots of land of from 15 to 20 hectares (37.07 to 49.42 acres) at the rate of from 20 to 40 milreis (\$6 to \$12) for cleared ground. The best land, therefore, will be sold them at something like \$5 an acre. The Japanese will farm the land in their own fashion, raising whatever crops they wish, but it is expected that the immigrants will consist largely of rice farmers, and that they will effectively introduce Japanese methods of rice culture in the state and develop the rice industry materially.

For boys and girls

THE CLEVER BOY.

I never saw a truly ship,
I never sailed the sea;
My little boat made from a chip
Is good enough for me.

They will not let me have a gun,
But I don't care for that;
A slingshot's almost as much fun;
Mine hits the bull's-eye pat!

Chub Jones's snowshoes cost a dollar,
I made mine, big and flat;
In walking I beat him all holler,
But, then, he's awful fat.

It's no fun always to be first
In games, I'd be a hog
If I could have what I want worst!
I'd swap all for a dog!
—Elizabeth West Parker, in the
Christian Register.

THE FOX AND THE RABBIT.

Old Reynard, the red fox, was out hunting for his breakfast, and he was not particular whether he had chicken, duck, or rabbit. From the tracks in the snow, which he was intensely studying, it looked very much as if the latter was to tempt his appetite. There were the unmistakable tracks of a rabbit which led straight down to the meadows.

"I see," mused the fox to himself; "the orchard has attracted some rabbit, and I will find him far from his burrow. Well, I should advise all rabbits not to venture far from their home in a snowstorm like this, or, if they must go far, they should take their tracks with them."

There was something like a sly smile on the fox's face at the thought of this joke. He was cunning and tricky in his way, and he always felt that whatever he did or thought was worthy of attention. As he trotted along now, following up the foot tracks of the rabbit, he thought how innocent rabbits were, and what delicious dinners they made.

In a short time he came to a halt, for there before him were double tracks. For a moment the fox studied these carefully, and he was nearly ready to confess to himself that the rabbit had played him a trick. "He has doubled on his tracks," he said to himself, "and must have gone off in this direction. Well, I'll take the freshest track."

He turned to the right then, and followed the new tracks, but with some misgivings as to his breakfast. Then a hundred yards further the tracks were apparently doubled on again, or at least they were so blurred that old Reynard was considerably puzzled. But foxes have the reputation for solving hard puzzles, and this one finally said that he understood it all. "I'll go straight to the orchard, and I'll find my rabbit there. He thinks to play a trick on me by running back and forth on his own tracks. What an innocent game to attempt to play on an old fox! If rabbits were not so innocent and foxes so wise I suppose there would be more rabbits in the world."

Once more that sly smile on Reynard's face and a smacking of the lips in anticipation of rabbit for breakfast. He trotted along more nimbly now, and paid less attention to the tracks and his surroundings. It was so easy to follow the path which led to the orchard that he could afford to be off his guard.

Just as he had guessed, the double row of tracks led him directly to the orchard. Only once he hesitated and looked dubiously at one of the big blotches on the snow. "What a funny footprint for a rabbit!" he said. "But I suppose it was made by several rabbits' feet, and any kind of a picture might result from it."

His fears quelled by this method of reasoning, he hurried on again. Suddenly he broke forth from the cover of the swamp, and saw the orchard ahead. One sweep with his eyes convinced him that his rabbit was not in sight, but hiding somewhere. He would have to stalk his breakfast after all, and creep upon him while gnawing the bark of some apple tree. He squatted down and began slyly creeping across the orchard, still following the tracks.

Right ahead of him, not a dozen yards away was a big apple tree, and something suspiciously tempting was bobbing out from the opposite side every few moments. This something must be the long ears of the stalked rabbit.

"Ah, now for my breakfast!" thought the fox. "I have the foolish, innocent rabbit at last. Now here goes for a spring and a long run!"

Throwing all caution to the wind, the fox broke cover and darted like the wind straight toward the apple tree. The noise he made in running startled the animal on the other side of the tree, and the latter jumped out to meet him. The red fox caught just one glimpse of the animal, and then he felt his heart leap into his throat. Instead of a rabbit he was stalking a big rabbit-hound, which had made the funny tracks in the snow where the rabbit had been.

The hound yelped with delight, the fox turned swiftly, and then the race began. For half a mile it was a close one, but old Reynard finally escaped

in his burrow after the narrowest chase of his life.

Panting from his fear and exertion, the fox thought of the double tracks and the rabbit. "I was more foolish than the rabbit," he reflected, sadly. "It was over confidence that led my parents into traps and caused their death. Maybe the rabbit is not so foolish after all, and I can learn something from him yet."

He shook his head sadly, but more wisely than ever before that day, for even the humble rabbit was not too small to teach him a lesson in caution.—George Ethelbert Walsh in the Christian Advocate.

SOME IRISH FAIRIES.

The Irish fairy is essentially a joyous, careless, playful being—a lover of pleasant places, smooth, round knolls, spreading hawthorne, white moonlights, sweeping steeds, sweet music and gay dances, writes Seumas MacManus in Lippincott's Magazine. There is marrying and giving in marriage among them; sometimes they even fall in love with handsome human beings, pretty maidens and manly youths, and carry them off to bestow on them immortality in their blithesome company. By extraordinary human efforts, the stolen youths are sometimes won back to the natural world and its ills again, but this is rare.

Sometimes a man or woman is borrowed temporarily by the fairies—just for the mischief of the thing; the abducted one is usual whisked off to strange foreign scenes, and, in the course of a few hours or one night, whisked round half the world and shown wonderful sights before being left safe and sound on the same spot from which he or she was snatched away.

There is one kind of fairy, and one only, which, unlike the rest of the tribe, is not joyous; this is the Banshee. The Banshee is a little woman dressed in white, with raven black hair, which falls and flows loosely around her. She attaches herself to the favored and ancient families, and only on the eve of a disaster to the family—usually a death—does she disclose herself to human sense. On all such occasions she is heard, but far more rarely seen. She generally sits upon a limb of a tree convenient to the house for whose coming sad fate she mourns, and lifts up her voice three times in weird heartrending wail.

When the Banshee's cry is heard, death follows certainly and soon. The night watcher who hears it rises up through the dead hours and prostrates himself in prayer for the soul that will so soon depart. Fortunately, it is not given to the dying one to hear this weird wail; sometimes only one person hears it, at other times it is heard by all except the fated one, and all arise from their beds, coming together in terror to tell each other what they have heard, to shake their heads in sorrow and to pray.

THE DADDY-LONG-LEGS.

The children were down in the big meadow, having a picnic supper near the brook beneath a large elm tree.

"Oh, see what I've got!" exclaimed Susan, who was very adventurous, and not afraid of any insects or strange animals that came near her.

Just as she spoke and the others turned to see what she had, she cried, "He's gone, but he's left his leg behind!"

"How cruel you are, Susan," said Sammy, "to pull off his leg! What was he?"

Susan looked very sober indeed as she regarded the delicate wiry insect's leg that remained in her hand. "It was a daddy-long-legs, and he walked over my sandwich and then stopped, so I told hold of him to see what he was like. I didn't mean to pull this off."

Her big brother Henry said, "Don't be too sorry, Susan. He doesn't care, you know."

"Doesn't he?" asked the girl. "Why not?"

"Why, you see, he is made with his legs hitched on very lightly, so that he can leave one or two behind if he has to."

"Oh, Henry," cried the children, "you must be joking!"

"Not a bit of it," he replied. "You see, the daddy-long-legs has to go about among the long grass a great deal. In fact, the egg he comes out of is usually laid way down near the roots, so one of the first things a little daddy has to learn is how to go right on if he gets tangled up, and let his limb stay in the trap if he has to. He is really tougher than he looks, and, though you can almost see through him, the farmers in certain places call him 'leather-jacket.'"

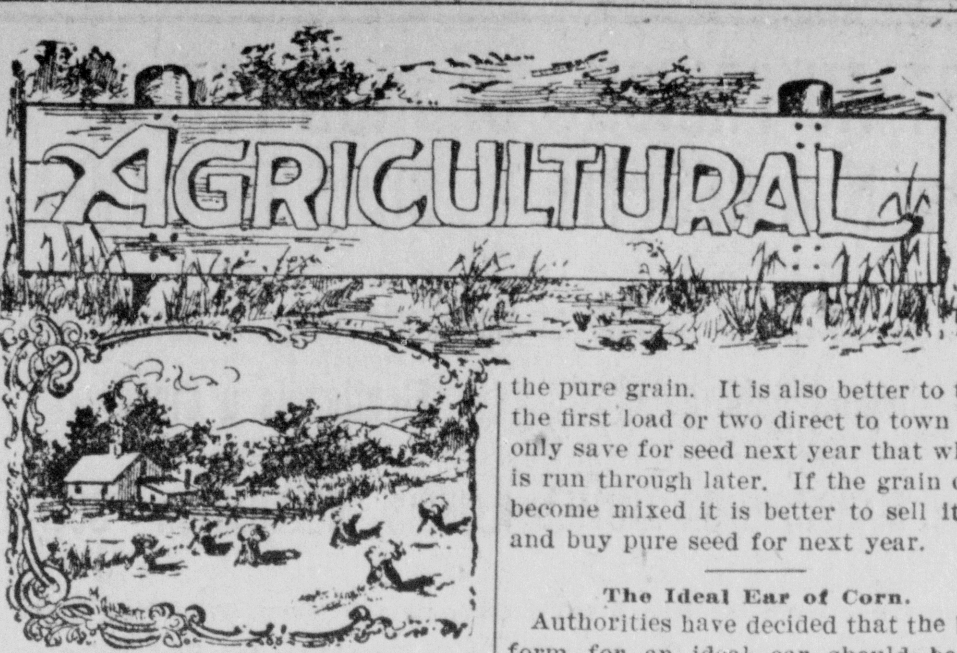
Susan was holding the leg while Henry was talking.

"I'm glad I didn't hurt him," she said, "and I will keep this till we go home, for he may come back to find it."

But to the best knowledge he never did.—Youth's Companion.

Every year New York City throws into the junk heap enough buildings to accommodate a small city, or a population of 50,000. In the last 10 years there have been torn down enough buildings to house 500,000 persons.

The residents of Greenville witnessed recently for the first time negro women at work in the streets. They were given light work in the streets, such as cutting grass.



Experiments with Stable Manure.

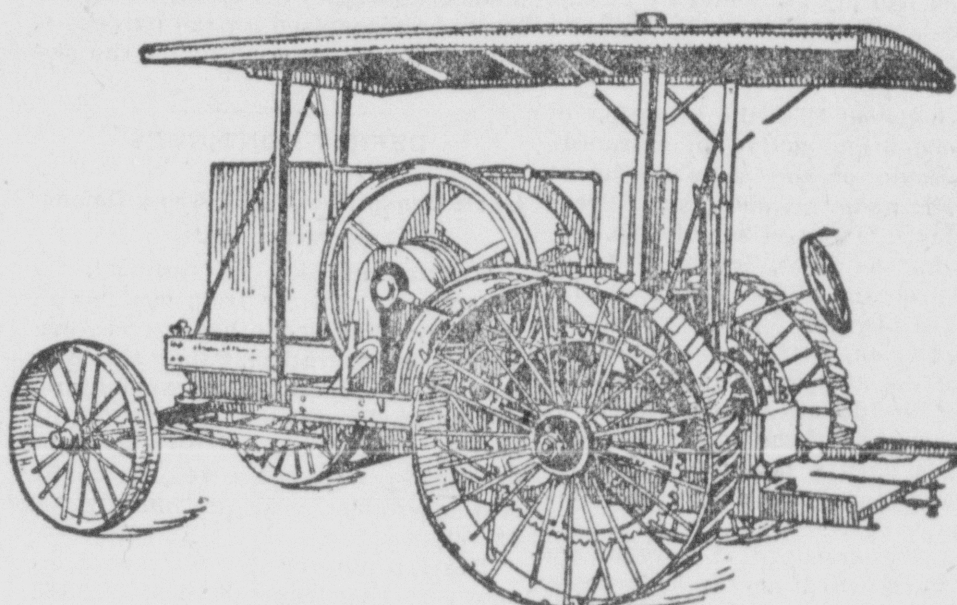
At the Maryland agricultural station two sets of experiments with stable manure—one covering three years and the other seven years—have been conducted.

The results as a rule favored the use of fresh manure applied directly from the stable as against rotten manure. The best results were obtained by applying the manure as long in advance of the time the crop was to use it as possible. As between applying fresh and rotted manure before and after plowing, the results favored applying fresh manure as a top dressing after plowing. In a comparison of plowing under manure in the fall and spring, the differences were slight, but uniformly in favor of allowing the manure to remain on the land during the winter and plowing it down in the spring. Subsoiling in addition to deep plowing did not show sufficient advantage to warrant the extra expense involved. The use of kainit with the manure seemed to exert a beneficial influence every year, and it was more marked in dry than wet seasons. The growth of crimson clover was better on soils receiving fresh manure than on those treated with rotted manure.

Pumpkins for Cows.

Dairymen hold different opinions as to the value of pumpkins for cows and as a rule the great field fruit of the East is not very much grown in the irrigated regions. Some claim that they are a positive injury. It is certain, however, that if fed to cows at all they should be given in conjunction with concentrated feed and necessarily in limited quantities. When fed thus the pumpkin is valuable as a fall feed for cows. It has one distinguishing feature as a stock food, which nothing else pos-

HORSES GIVE WAY TO TRACTION ENGINES



It is now no uncommon sight to see heavy loads of grain being drawn along country roads by traction engines instead of horses. The machine in the picture has a capacity of eighteen horse power and will get over any sort of a decent road at from ten to twelve miles per hour. The tires are sixteen inches wide and are so constructed that they will pass over rough or soft ground with comparative ease. This engine cost \$1,000, and there are many others on the market ranging from \$1,000 to \$16,000. These machines are also rapidly coming into service on the large grain fields in the West and are used for plowing, harrowing and reaping. They will pull a gang of from six to ten plows with barrows attached and do the work of one-half dozen teams. These machines will make short turns, or can be backed or started easily, and their speed can be absolutely controlled.

sesses and this is it is a splendid vermifuge. Stock of all kinds like pumpkins and will leave a good bite of alfalfa.—Field and Farm.

Water for Fowls in Winter.

Many who supply their fowls with water regularly during the summer fail to recognize that it is just as necessary during the cold months. Do you not often want to drink more in cold weather than in warm? Just fill the fountain and feed trough at the same time, and note where the crowd is at once gathered. The food is as a rule dry and tends in no way to satiate the thirst. In summer dew, fruit and other substitutes satisfy in a measure, but now the fowls are entirely dependent upon their human friends at this point. Always remove the chill from the water and let it be pure. Do not allow it to remain in the dishes over night and freeze. Freezing water does not mean pure water, even though some germs are killed by freezing. Exercise the same care regarding cleanliness, which was the rule during the summer, and the fowls will not only drink with greater relish but you will likewise eat their products with similar appreciation.

Grain for Seed.

The threshing machine is the greatest cause of mixing grain unless care is taken in this respect. If a crop of good Defiance wheat is grown, be careful that the machine is so clean the grain will not become mixed with other wheat. When the machine comes direct from threshing other wheat make the men run through oats or barley before they begin on the Defiance if it is intended for seed. There will always be some grains of the last threshing in the machine, and this will mix with

the pure grain. It is also better to take the first load or two direct to town and only save for seed next year that which is run through later. If the grain does become mixed it is better to sell it all and buy pure seed for next year.

The Ideal Ear of Corn.

Authorities have decided that the best form for an ideal ear should be as near a cylinder as possible. It should be about 10 inches long and about 7 inches in circumference, or at least this ratio should be maintained. The rows of grains should be as near parallel as possible and the grains should grow well over the tip and butt. The grains should be wedge shape and their length should be at least twice their width. The cob should be small, from 84 to 90 per cent of an ear of corn should be grain. In yellow corn the cob should be red and in white corn it should be white. If one desires his corn to have a high protein content, the germ or heart should be large. If meal is to be made, the white or starchy end should be firm, solid and heavy. The grains of the "dent" varieties will be more or less wrinkled on the outer tip, otherwise the surface of the ear should be smooth and glossy. A dead color usually indicates low vitality.—S. W. Black.

Care of Horses.

For horses that are being worked hard ground grain is better than whole grain, but we believe that when concentrated feed is fed it should have some light feed mixed with it to act as a divider—bran, cut hay, or even clean oat chaff moistened will assist in digestion. If dusty hay is fed sprinkle with water and it will save the horse much annoyance. The necessity of a change of diet from concentrated grain food to more bulky food is increased according to the amount of confinement to which the horse must be subjected.

Trees Purify the Air.

It is a well-known fact that trees along highways, trees in towns and cities and trees in groves amid agricultural regions render the atmosphere purer. They, by their foliage, absorb harmful gases, which would otherwise

THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

Little Italian Was Sincere and Demonstrative in His Ability.

There were a few strings of rusty black cumber over the fruit stall in the corner of the big market, and customers buying their bananas and lemons missed something—it was the gay smile with which the little fruit vender always handed over their purchases. Mrs. Lane, noticing the fluttering scraps, inquired at a neighboring stall.

"Sure, 'tis his wife," the big Irishman replied, "and the new baby. There's four babies left—Heaven pity them!"

Mrs. Lane had seldom bought anything at the corner stall, but she went over now and asked for a bottle of olives. As the little man handed it to her, she said, gently, "It is hard, isn't it?"

"The good Lord knows," he answered, reverently baring his head.

Mrs. Lane lingered a moment, asking about the children, and then, seeing that he was eager to tell it, of his wife. When she went on, the dark eyes followed her till the flower stalls shut her from view.

In the weeks that followed it became a habit to stop at the corner stall a moment and ask about the children; and when Christmas came, among the packages sent was a large one to the little Delvecchios. Christmas afternoon Mrs. Lane was called to the door. A little man stood there with a basket of fruit so large that his shining eyes barely surmounted it.

"For Mees Lane," he explained.

"For Christmas gift?"

The Christmas gifts marked the open establishment of the friendship. When, six months later Mr. Delvecchio, beaming with delight informed "Mees Lane" that he was going to be married again, and would be "honored" to have her look in at the wedding, she readily accepted, and carried with her a bit of silver for the bride.

"It is fortunate," her daughter Olive remarked, laughingly, "that it is you, not I, who have embarked upon this headlong course, else I should be having to invite the Delvecchios to my wedding."

It was a prophetic word; a few days before the wedding a gaily wrapped package arrived from Delvecchio.

"Do you suppose it is tissue paper and tinsel?" Olive queried, as she unwrapped it. "What?" The sentence never was finished, for she was gazing at a beautiful ivory carving set.

"Think of our bit of silver!" she cried. There were really tears in her eyes.

"I will speak to Delvecchio," Mrs. Lane said.

Delvecchio, however, was the one who spoke the moment he caught sight of his friend.

"Did she like—Mees Olive?" he eagerly inquired.

"It was beautiful," Mrs. Lane replied, "but far too valuable—"

The little man interrupted her with a wave of the hand. It was a gesture expressive of a hundred things—pride, pleasure, deprecation, dignity.

"Is it not," he exclaimed, "that we are friends of family?"

At the wedding at St. Stephen's, four days later, among the guests seated with the especial friends were two smiling little Italians, arrayed with a gorgeousness past belief, and the first face the bride saw as she turned was the beaming one of the friend of the family.

Somehow, it seemed to her a happy omen.—Youth's Companion.

Price Variable.

The late Henry O. Havemeyer believed that every one should tell his own side of his story, and that no one should be condemned unheard. The mother in the following tale, which Mr. Havemeyer once told to illustrate his point, evidently bade fair to become a useful mother-in-law. Her daughter came to her a week or so after Christmas with this complaint:

"Mamma, I doubt if I shall be happy with George. I fear he is of a deceptive nature."

"Why, darling, what do you mean?" the mother asked.

"Well, mamma, you know that collar pin he gave me for Christmas? He declared that he paid twenty-five dollars for it, but to-day I saw its exact counterpart priced at five dollars at a jeweler's."

"Ah, but, my child," said the mother, "you must remember how very religious George is. Undoubtedly he bought the pin at a church fair."

Even.

He—Blank told me that he never lets his wife know how much money he earns for fear she'll spend it all.

She—And Mrs. Blank told me she had never let her husband know that she has a fortune in her own name for fear he'll lose it all.—Detroit Free Press.

The Exception.

Mignon—Do you think honesty is always the best policy?

Adelle—In everything except love. If I were to tell all my danglers what I honestly think of them I wouldn't have one left at the end of the week.—Detroit Free Press.

Assistance.

"What is your idea of helping the farmer?"

"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "the first and most important thing is to give him some good advice about how to vote."—Washington Star.

Investigation will reveal that every ill-natured man is a sick man.



Baking Angel Food.

A woman whose angel food is famous says that there are a few things she always bears in mind when preparing this delectable cake. The oven must be slow at first, but one that gradually increases in temperature. Quite unlike the case when baking other cake, the oven door may be opened without danger of affecting the cake; this makes it much simpler to adjust the heat of the oven. The pan in which it is baked must be most carefully lined with paraffin paper. If the cake is baked two or three days before it is to be eaten it will be better.

Time to Cook Fish.

Salmon, about ten minutes to each pound.
Cod, about ten minutes to each pound.
Turbot, about ten minutes to each pound.

Flounders, about five minutes.
Fresh haddocks, eight to fifteen minutes.

Small lobster, from twenty to thirty minutes.

Small mackerel, about ten minutes.

Whiting, about five minutes.

Small soles, about five minutes.

Trout, from five to ten minutes.

Raisin Pudding.

One teacupful of suet, minced fine, add four teacups of flour, one-half pound raisins, one teacup molasses, a teaspoonful baking powder, scant cup of milk, with salt and cinnamon to flavor. Boil two and one-half hours and serve with brandy sauce. Three-fourths cup sugar, small piece butter, tablespoon flour, two teaspoonfuls brandy, one cup boiling water. Serve hot over pudding.

Devil's Food.

One cup of sugar and a half-cup of butter, creamed; two eggs, well beaten; one cup of grated chocolate. Pour one-half cup of boiling water on the chocolate and let it stand until cool; add a half-cup of sour milk, the sugar and butter and eggs, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water, two cups of flour and vanilla to taste. Mix well and bake in a loaf tin.

Pineapple Tapioca.

Soak one cup tapioca over night in plenty of water. In the morning put on and cook until clear. Add one pineapple (or one can) cut in pieces, three cups sugar, juice of two lemons and cook. Just before taking off the fire add the whites of three eggs beaten stiff and stir through thoroughly. Chill and serve with whipped or plain cream.

Chinese Salad Dressing.

For a cheese salad dressing, work two tablespoonfuls of soft grated cheese until it is smooth. Season with salt and paprika and moisten thoroughly with vinegar and oil. This is delicious on egg or lettuce salad.

Well to Remember.

When burning vegetable refuse in stove or furnace, put a handful of salt into the fire and there will be no unpleasant odor.

Rice and Raisins.

Three cups of boiling water, one cup sweet milk, one cup rice, one-half cup seedless raisins. Mix and cook in double boiler.

To Keep Broken Eggs.

Take off shell and beat in a quarter teaspoonful of salt. Can be used for cake or anything.

Short Suggestions.

For sting of poisonous insect, wash wound with salt or soda water.

Insects like neither salt nor alum, and enough adheres to the carpet to keep them away.

Cutting onions, turnips and carrots across the fiber makes them more tender when cooked.

To singe chickens hold them over a saucer of burning alcohol. It does not leave soot on the flesh.

Slight stains can be removed from black cloth by rubbing with a freshly cut raw potato, wiping with a clean cloth.

Chicken salad is delicious if mixed with small pieces of green pepper and mayonnaise. Press the meat into pepper cases.

Burning oil is spread by water. To extinguish it throw down flour, sand or earth. The idea is to prevent the oil spreading.

A cloth wrung out of hot vinegar and water and laid on the forehead as hot as it can be borne, will often relieve a headache.

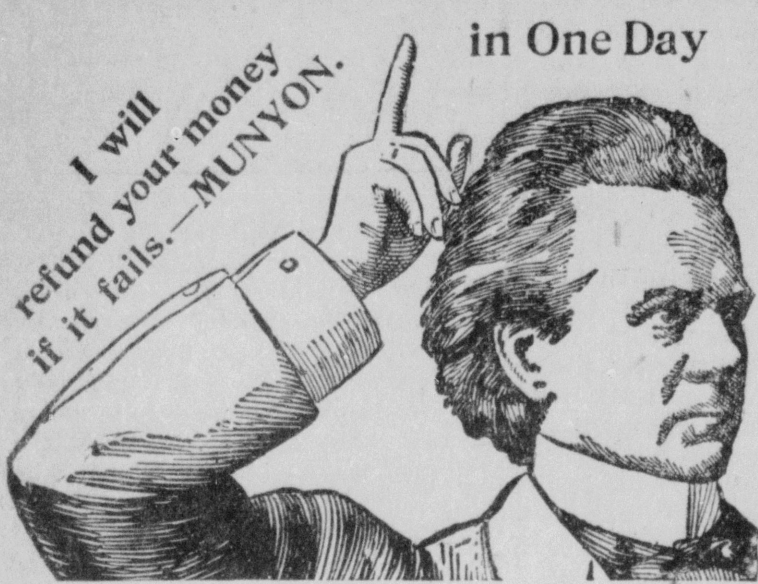
Don't forget to send lemon or an acid sauce around with the fish, for without this savory addition even the finest shad is as nothing.

Keep a pumice stone by your sink. When there are brown streaks in your granite, porcelain-lined or steel kettles, rub them with the stone.

Clotheslines and pegs will last much longer if they are boiled for ten minutes when new. It is a good plan to repeat the boiling occasionally.

If your cellar is dark and you are afraid of accidents when going down the steps, have the last step whitened so that you will easily know when you are at the bottom. You can see this step plainly even in a dim light.

COLDS CURED



in One Day

Munyon's Cold Remedy relieves the head, throat and lungs almost immediately. Checks Fevers, Stops Discharges of the nose, takes away all aches and pains caused by colds. It cures Grip and obstinate Coughs and prevents Pneumonia. Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Strong Testimony from Well-known People

Mr. F. Winkoop, 151 Twelfth Street, Detroit, Mich.

"I have used Munyon's Cold Cure and consider it a great cold-breaker, and can safely recommend it to all sufferers of colds and grippe. We are never without this remedy in the house, and consider it a household necessity. It never fails to cure."

If you use my Cold Remedy and the results are not satisfactory, I will refund your money.—MUNYON, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia.

Mr. E. L. Wait, 61 Simpson Avenue, West Somerville, Mass.

"I was cured of a severe cold, grippe and neuritis, and cannot get along without Munyon's Remedies. Always keeps the cold cure on hand."

Frederick Smith, of 6 Gordon Street, Jamaica Plain, is another illustrious Munyon's Cold and Grippe Cure. He recommends them to all his friends.

Don't Sit In The Cold

Use the PERFECTION OIL HEATER and have solid comfort in that corner that is hard to heat. A touch of a match and a steady flow of heat is the result.

See them at our store.

W. A. Carter & Son

17 EAST SECOND STREET.

Royalist Tale Exploded.

Paris, Nov. 30.—All the new light thrown on the murder of Adolphe Steinhell and Mme. Japy, which occurred on the night of May 31 at the home of the artist, only goes to strengthen the conviction that Mme. Steinhell either strangled the victims alone after administering a narcotic or poison, subsequently binding herself to her bed, or had an accomplice in the person of a professional criminal. Testimony from every quarter seems to upset completely the charges of the royalist press that the late president Felix Faure, was the victim of criminal dealing, but even M. Dupuy, his premier, does not deny that Mme. Steinhell was with him shortly before he expired.

Had a Close Call.

Mrs. Ada L. Croom, the widely known proprietor of the Croom Hotel, Vaughn Miss., says: "For several months I suffered with a severe cough and consumption seemed to have its grip on me, when a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles affected a complete cure." The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer is world wide. Sold at W. F. Peters drug store. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Cleared Up the Mystery.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 1.—Two hours before he died at St. Mary's hospital in this city, Harry Lockyear confessed to his nurse, Miss Lena Miller, that he inflicted the wounds on his person that caused his death. Lockyear shot himself in his buggy near Daylight and it was first thought an attempt had been made to murder him.

Would Mortgage the Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2, Empire Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured two of the worst sores I ever saw; one on my leg and one on my hand. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage my farm to get it. Only 25c at W. F. Peters drug store."

Elevator Destroyed by Fire.

Sheridan, Ind., Dec. 1.—The large elevator belonging to Arza Smith of this city, was destroyed by fire. There were about 5,000 bushels of wheat, 4,000 bushels of corn, 2,000 bushels of oats and 100 bushels of clover seed destroyed, causing a loss of about \$20,000, partially covered by insurance.

CAN'T BE SEPARATED.

Some Seymour People Have Learned How to Get Rid of Both.

Backache and kidney ache are twin brothers. You can't separate them. And you can't get rid of the backache until you cure the kidney ache. If the kidneys are well and strong, the rest of the system is pretty sure to be in vigorous health. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong healthy kidneys.

Mrs. Fred Knoll, 130 McKee Street Greensburg, Ind. says: "I was feeling very miserable suffering from kidney trouble, I had no strength of ambition and was unable to sleep at night. I could not attend to my household duties on account of the severe backaches I suffered, together with sharp shooting pains across my loins and hard headaches. My kidneys were much disordered, and their action too frequent causing me to get up very often at night to avoid the secretions which were also highly colored. After using Doan's Kidney Pills all these troubles disappeared; I have no more backache, pains in the loins or headaches and my kidneys act regularly. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of all these ailments and I can recommend them to anyone who has suffered as I did."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Aged Man Caught by Cars.

Washington, Ind., Dec. 1.—William O'Brien, eighty-two years old, a pioneer citizen of Cannellburg, was run down by a fast B. & O. Southwestern passenger train midway between Cannellburg and Montgomery, and was instantly killed.

A Healthy Family.

Our whole family has rejoiced in good health since we began using Dr. King's New Life Pills, three years ago," says L. A. Bartlett, of Rural Route 1, G. Ford Maine. They cleanse and tone you good 25c. at W. F. Peters drug store.

It is semi-officially announced that Governor Post will appoint Captain George R. Shanton, chief of the Porto Rican police. Captain Shanton at present is commander of the Panama police.

PORT AU PRINCE GIVEN A RESPITE

Expected Battle at Gates of Capital Deferred.

SIMON MARCHING ON JACMEL

Bent on Overcoming the Sole Stronghold of Loyalists in the Department of the South Before Trying Final Issues With Nord Alexis, the Revolutionary Leader Has Changed His Plan of Battle and While Port au Prince Is Given a Breathing Spell, It Is Generally Believed That the Government Position Is Hopelessly Lost.

Port au Prince, Dec. 2.—The expected battle between the revolutionists and the troops of the government, which are entrenched a few miles outside the city, is likely to be deferred for several days. General Antoine Simon, the commander-in-chief of the revolutionary forces, has decided to attack Jacmel, which lies thirty miles to the southwest of this city and which is the only town that has remained loyal in the department of the south, before resuming his march on Port au Prince. It is believed, however, that the situation, so far as the government is concerned, is lost. Louis Borno, the minister of state, has handed in his resignation and has taken refuge in the German legation, and there now remain in office only three of the high governmental officials, General Leconte, minister of the interior; General Laleau, minister of justice and public instruction, and General Marcelin, minister of finance and commerce. All the other ministers have resigned with the exception of General Cyriaque, who after his recent defeat at the hands of the insurgents, is believed to have found an asylum in one of the foreign consulates.

It was Louis Borno who took up the portfolio of state relinquished by General Sannon when he sought refuge from the French legation last March after resigning. He was credited with inducing President Alexis to permit the departure in safety of General Firmin and the other revolutionary agitators, who had fled to the legations and consulates at Port au Prince and Gonaives at the time of the last uprising.

It is believed that the intention of the president in calling an extraordinary session of the chambers is to have them name his successor. President Alexis favors either of two candidates for the office, General Turenne Jean Gilles and Solon Menos, a distinguished lawyer. But there is doubt that a quorum could be secured because of the absence of the great majority of the deputies and senators of the department of the south. General Gilles has been a favorite of General Alexis and is a strong supporter of his policies.

The three divisions of government troops entrenched at the crossroads outside the city are being depleted by numerous desertions. While every effort has been made to hold the troops together, and there have been few outward signs of disaffection, the government soldiers have taken the first opportunity to slip away. Some of these undoubtedly will join the insurgent army. General Simon will enter Port au Prince probably without striking a blow, and it may be without causing disturbance in the order of things, if President Nord Alexis takes his departure from the city before the arrival of the enemy. The situation will be critical if the president elects to remain.

The arrival of the American cruiser Des Moines has given added assurance to the foreign residents. The Des Moines and the Tacoma represent the United States here, while the French training ship Duguay Trouin is watching French interests along the coast. The British cruiser Scylla and the Italian cruiser Fieramosca are expected to arrive in port before the advancing army reaches the gates of the city. The president has angrily resisted the counsels of his ministers and the diplomatic representations which have been made to him to give up the struggle.

Wide Order by the President.

Washington, Dec. 2.—All fourth-class postmasters in the states east of the Mississippi river and north of the Ohio river have been placed in the classified service by an executive order of the president. Hereafter all the appointees to fourth-class postmaster ships in those states must undergo civil service examinations. Postmasters now holding office will not need to take the examinations. There are 15,000 fourth-class postmasters affected by the order. Of this number 1,084 are in Indiana.

Probably Carried Out to Sea.

San Francisco, Dec. 1.—Although numerous boats have patrolled and searched the bay from the Golden Gate to Hunter's Point, the body of Chief of Police William J. Biggley, who disappeared from the police launch patrol and is believed to have fallen overboard while returning to this city from Belvidere, on the north shore, has not been recovered, and it is feared has been carried out to sea.

CANNON FEELS SURE OF GAVEL

Speaker's Friends Say His Re-Election Is a Cinch.

ILLINOIS DELEGATION SOLID

Congressman Mann, Who Has Uncle Joe's Campaign for Re-Election in Hand, Has Received Unequivocal Answers From More Than a Majority of the Republican Members That They Will Support Cannon, and Is Quite Sure of Majority of the House When the Day for Voting Comes.

Washington, Dec. 2.—Friends of Speaker Cannon profess to be highly pleased with the responses to letters which Representative James R. Mann of Chicago has been sending to the members announcing that the Illinois delegation will present the name of Joseph G. Cannon for speaker of the Sixty-first congress. They state that these answers assure the re-election of the speaker.

Representative Mann admitted that he had received unequivocal answers from more than a majority of the Republicans of the house, saying that they would support Mr. Cannon. This number has not yet reached a majority of the house. Mr. Mann explained that a number, principally new members, had written that they desired to look over the situation and investigate the subject more thoroughly before replying in a way that might be considered as a pledge. It is said that only one member of the house has replied that he will oppose the re-election of Mr. Cannon as speaker.

Attention is gradually shifting from the speakership to the proposal to amend the rules of the house. There are indications that the speaker may not offer much opposition to some amendments, at least. One of the amendments suggested is a provision for a calendar patterned after procedure in the senate, whereby the roll of bills would be called frequently for passage under unanimous consent. This would obviate the necessity of members going to the speaker and asking to be recognized for the purpose of asking unanimous consent for the passage of a bill.

DEFICIT CONTINUES

Uncle Sam's Books Still Show Balance on Wrong Side.

Washington, Dec. 2.—Although the government receipts from customs internal revenue and other sources continue to show gratifying increases over last year, the increases in expenditures are materially greater. For the month of November the total receipts were \$48,002,690, as against \$45,529,325 for November last year, an increase of \$2,500,000.

The expenditures for the month are shown to have aggregated \$57,938,133, as against \$42,362,208 for November, 1907, an increase of \$15,600,000. Taking the last seven months as a basis of calculation, the deficit for the present fiscal year will probably be from \$112,000,000 to \$115,000,000. Customs receipts during the last month aggregated nearly \$23,000,000, as against \$22,000,000 for November, 1907, the first of the panic months. Internal revenue also shows a gain of about \$2,600,000. Miscellaneous receipts fell off about \$1,100,000.

Fated Mine Practically Cleared.

Pittsburg, Dec. 2.—It is believed that all but two victims of the explosion in the Marianna mines of the Pittsburg-Buffalo Coal company last Saturday have been recovered. One hundred and twenty-six bodies have been hoisted from the bottom of the 500-foot shaft and turned over to undertakers at work in improvised morgues near the mine. All of the debris has been pretty well worked over and it is not believed its final removal will reveal more than two additional bodies.

Passenger Train's Close Call.

Peoria, Ill., Dec. 2.—An attempt was made to wreck the Toledo, Peoria & Western passenger train between Effner and Sheldon stations. A trackman on a speeder was ditched at the prospective point of the wreck, and after recovering his equilibrium, ran back and flagged the heavy passenger train with over sixty passengers aboard, in time to avoid a disaster. An investigation showed that spikes had been removed and the rails spread.

Things Coming Deneen's Way.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 2.—At a conference of Republican members of the state legislature, forty-seven members signed a pledge looking to the organization of that body when the legislature meets in January, giving control of the lower house to Governor Deneen and insuring the election of a speaker in harmony with the administration. Similar action by which the governor will control the senate organization has already been taken.

The monthly statement of the director of the mint shows that during November the coinage at the mints of the United States amounted to \$8,817,210.

"My Young Sister"

writes Mrs. Mary Hudson, of Eastman, Miss., "took my advice, which was, to take Cardui. She was staying with me and was in terrible misery, but Cardui helped her at once."

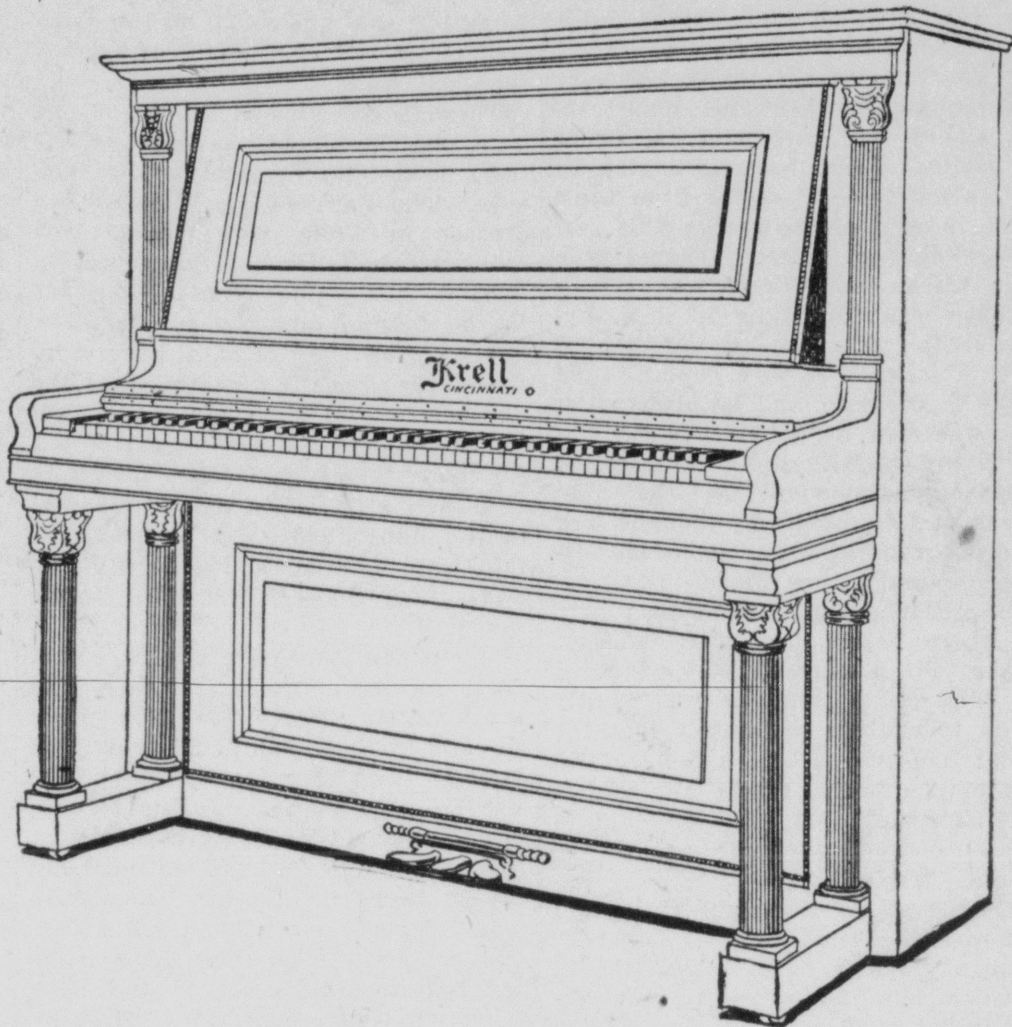
TAKE CARDUI

It Will Help You

"Last spring," Mrs. Hudson continues, "I was in a rack of pain. The doctor did no good, so I began to take Cardui. The first dose helped me. Now I am in better health than in three years."

Every girl and woman needs Cardui, to cure irregularity, falling feelings, headache, backache and similar female troubles. Cardui is safe, reliable, scientific. Try Cardui.

AT ALL DRUG STORES



See this Instrument at Harmony Hall
What would make a nicer X-mas present

Harmony Hall

CORNER ST. LOUIS AVE. AND CHESTNUT ST.

DR. H. I. SHERWOOD

EXAMINATION AND ADVICE FREE.

Experience is a great factor in the successful treatment of chronic disease. I have devoted over twenty years to the practice and study of my specialties. If you are suffering from any chronic disease come and see me, let me tell you what your trouble is and what I can do for you.

I have cured thousands who have been pronounced incurable, and will cure you.

I CURE Blood Poison, Nervous Debility or Decline, Varicose, Hydrocele, Rupture, Piles, Catarrh, Indigestion, Lung and Heart troubles, Disease of the Kidneys, Bladder and Prostate, Female Complaints.

A CERTAIN CURE is what I will give you beyond a doubt if your case is curable, if not I will not accept your case.

There is no patch work in my specialties, I do just what I say and tell you just what I can do.

Office, 104 North Chestnut Street, SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Building Material

For the Best at the Lowest Price Delivered on Short Notice, See

Travis Carter Co.

Gift Time and Watch Thoughts

A watch for Christmas! Some one in your family circle has expressed this preference—why not look them over now.

In the line of gifts, no one article so closely, so thoroughly entwines itself into our daily lives, nothing so greatly creates recurring thoughts of the giver, no gift so heartily appreciated.

We have them all, Good Watches and Better Watches, Walthams, Elgins, Illinois and the best watches of the better sort, THE GRUEN PRECISION AND GRUEN VERITHIN for men and women.

The "GRUEN" built for generations of exacting service, based in a most beautiful assortment of distinctive, high class, artistic cases.

"IT'S THE WATCH FOR YOU."

J. G. LAUPUS, Jeweler

S.S.S. BEST TREATMENT FOR CATARRH

S. S. S. is the best treatment for Catarrh because it is a perfect blood purifier. It is the only medicine that is able to get down into the circulation and entirely remove the catarrhal matter and impurities which produce the trouble. As long as the mucous membranes and tissues are kept inflamed and irritated by this impure and infected condition of the blood Catarrh will remain. Its disagreeable and dangerous symptoms, of ringing noises in the ears, mucus dropping back into the throat, headaches, watery eyes, difficult breathing, and even stomach disorders and weakened health, cannot be permanently relieved until the blood is purified. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It goes down to the very root of the trouble, and removes every particle of the catarrhal matter from the blood and enriches this vital fluid so that all the mucous surfaces are supplied with nutritive, healthful qualities, instead of being constantly irritated and inflamed by impurities in the circulation. Then the symptoms begin to pass away and when S. S. S. has entirely purified the blood, Catarrh is permanently cured and the general health greatly built up. Book on Catarrh and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.